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Knives in Notting Hill

Two weeks ago this journal published an article by an American Negro observer, Mr Herbert Hill of the NAACP, who forecast that more racial trouble was imminent round Notting Hill. 'I have been assured,' he wrote, 'by the official and private agencies concerned with these matters that the worst is over . . . But I am not so sure . . . I feel that a critical situation is developing there and that unless some action is taken now there will be more trouble in the course of this summer.' Since then the evidence has been pouring in. A cloud of tension lowers over the district; there are nightly outbreaks of minor violence; recently a policeman has been wounded by a knife wielded by a white youth, and an unoffending Negro, returning to his lodgings from hospital treatment last week-end, was stabbed to death in the sight of help on the public highway. The police suggestion that the motive of this murder was robbery rather than race makes very little difference in the context of Golborne Road. The victim was black – the hands which struck him down were white.

In this tense situation, Mosley has set himself up as a prospective parliamentary candidate, and his henchmen are at work up and down the streets of North Kensington, preaching racial separation on the platform, whispering racial hatred in the cafés and clubs. To counter racial propaganda are ranged a number of 'welfare' organisations working to promote harmony between black and white. The result of it all? Not, alas, the peace which, it was too easily assumed by people outside, would follow Mr Justice Salmon's exemplary sentences on those who led the riots of last summer, but a smouldering fire of tension in which the avoidance of another blaze depends not so much on sense and good will as on the size and readiness of the reinforcements which stand by every evening in the local police stations.

What can the rest of us do about it? First, we must recognise, as we have been slow to do, that the problem is both urgent and dangerous: the welfare work now being done, though admirable and necessary, is not enough. Last year's violence was a grave enough warning, but little official action has followed. Indeed the government has a far greater responsibility than it has yet admitted. Take the recurring allegations, for instance, of police bias against the Negroes. No doubt they are exaggerated – possibly baseless. But they are sufficiently circumstantial to require thorough investigation. Take the activities of the Fascists. Is it possible, despite all the difficulties, to invoke the law against them? And, if possible, is it desirable? The voice of decency and reason loses some of its cogency if it needs a policeman to silence its traducers. Take housing. Can nothing really be done by emergency measures to eliminate the filthy slums (and the racketeering landlords) of North Kensington. Or is it that the government is unwilling to admit the existence of a problem which would justify emergency measures?

This, perhaps, is the crux of the matter. The volume of West Indian immigration has fallen off rapidly since 1957 and will continue to decline. The problem of assimilating the immigrants, all of whom are British citizens, is thus definite and measurable. It is also a national problem. North Kensington in its way is no less a 'Special Area' than were the areas of unemployment for which the euphemism was coined in the Thirties. We suggest that the government should recognise this by appointing a Select Committee to examine the problems of the handful of districts up and down the country where special social difficulties have arisen from the influx between 1955 and 1957 of considerable numbers of newly-arrived West Indian immigrants. The committee should report on the facts and recommend government action. It should consider, for instance, whether effective legislation to stop Fascist propaganda is practicable. It should make recommendations about the cost and scale of an emergency housing programme. It should investigate the welfare services to see whether they are adequate and properly directed. In a word, it should advise the government what needs to be done to meet the national responsibility of solving a series of local problems, which experience has shown cannot be effectively tackled at a purely local or voluntary level.

Comments on the Week's News

Kassem versus the Communists?

In anticipation of a further crisis in Iraq, the Middle East is suffering from a bad attack of nerves. In Cairo, a 'Communist plot' has been unmasked and 20 arrested. A number of Communists have also been arrested in Jordan, during a police swoop on Nablus, the political centre of the disaffected West Bank Palestinians. Yet more 'Communists', some 200 in number, have been gaoled in Kuwait, where the Chief of Security, Sheikh Mubarak, has taken advantage of the absence of the ruler to round up prominent Nasserites in the civil service. Most Middle Eastern governments fear that there is soon going to be trouble in Baghdad, and are accordingly playing safe. What has prompted the latest speculation is the decision of the British government, now reluctantly followed by Cairo, that General Kassem is not a Communist and should therefore be assisted. This past week, the UAR press and radio has noticeably toned down its personal attacks on Kassem, and it seems likely that Nasser's new tactics are to widen the split that is beginning to appear between the Iraqi army and Kassem on the one hand, and the Iraqi Communists on the other. The split began when Kassem rejected the Communist May Day request for seats in the Cabinet and the execution of 'traitors' condemned by the special military court. Kassem has since overruled similar requests by members of his own government, including the influential Dr Kubba. Is he now, as the Cairo press suggests, contemplating going further and releasing some of the Nasserites? It seems possible; indeed, there are even rumours that Kassem is preparing for a showdown with the Communists – possibly on the anniversary of the July revolution – and has come to an informal understanding with Nasser that, in this event, the UAR will not attempt to exploit it by staging another *coup*.

The Waters of the Indus

The canal waters dispute is perhaps the most solid of the various disagreements that have provided an excuse for 11 years of vituperation between Pakistan and India. Granted that India would substantially contribute to the cost of new works to 'replace' water that had to be fairly canalised after the division of the Punjab in 1947, there remained the question of the best means of distribution, the amount India would pay, and the time Pakistan would take in the construction that was involved. The engineering problem and the principle of division are not in dispute. But Pakistan, in India's view, has been using its opportunity not only to replace but also to build additional new construction works – a very proper thing to do, but not at India's expense. India, in the meantime, has been preparing plans for irrigating the parched plains of Rajastan. The World Bank's latest proposals are hopeful but, as Mr Nehru has said, 'rather stiff hurdles' still have to be surmounted. India believes Mr Black and his colleagues, with American standards in mind, are suggesting an excessive payment for India and that they are giving Pakistan much too long to complete their construction. The 1954 proposal was that Pakistan's work should take five years. India gave them until 1962, when their own Rajastan construction would be ready to use its share of the water. The World Bank is now talking of 'another ten or 12 years'. The Indian Premier's own summary is that India is interested in two things: the 'phased period' during which Pakistan can build its own system and gradually enable India to use more water in Rajastan; and secondly, 'the amount of money we should pay'. Both problems should be soluble, especially since the greatly increased interest of the United States and of fellow members of the Commonwealth in the question of Indian-Pakistan relations, and of reducing the poverty in the sub-continent, gives hope of financial aid from outside.

Hope in Cyprus

In spite of attempts by sections of the British press to blow up minor incidents in Cyprus into issues of major importance, the situation in the island is developing more hopefully than expected. Inevitably, after four years of hostility and bloodshed, incidents of violence between Greeks, Turks, and British soldiers still occur. But it is much more significant that Greeks and Turks are now co-operating with good humour to build a new administration. The central problem is still the separation of municipalities, but there are signs that this will not prove insuperable. The major factor in this growing harmony is the *rapprochement* between Greece and Turkey. The recent visit of Mr Karamanlis, the Greek Prime Minister, to Ankara was an outstanding success, and he and Mr Menderes are clearly determined to allow no Cypriot difficulty to break their newly established friendship. Meanwhile Archbishop Makarios and Dr Kutchuk seem to be following with unexpected success the example of the two Prime Ministers. The greatest danger to peace in Cyprus comes from the inherent conflict between right- and left-wing Greek Cypriots. Yet it is remarkable that the attacks on the left-wingers have been consistently met by a refusal to retaliate. The Cypriots, in fact, seem anxious to confine their political disputes within constitutional limits – a good augury for the future.

Cotton Redundancy Scheme

The Coal Board, the railway workshops and a few individual firms already operate compensation schemes for workers who are dismissed through redundancy; but the scheme now agreed between the cotton masters and unions is the first to cover a whole private enterprise industry. Though the union leaders consider the scheme reasonably fair, there are, inevitably in a pioneering effort, some points which need to be clarified or considered further before they are accepted as precedents for other schemes. Are married women who worked part-time for years after the war, but are now being squeezed out, to be compensated? Will the scheme cover only those at present in the industry or will it be back-dated to cover those who became redundant before Hong Kong and Pakistan voluntarily agreed to limit their exports of cheap cotton goods to this country? Will the payments be tax free, as they should be if they are truly 'compensation for loss of office'? Such points as these have still to be cleared up by the joint working party of the industry and the government. But there are wider queries. Compensation is to depend on a minimum length of service in the industry, but otherwise the only factors which are to count are age and normal earnings. Thus a worker aged 21 may receive one week's wages, one aged 50 may receive 14 weeks' wages and one aged 65 may receive 30 weeks' wages. It could well be argued that a man of 65 who is due for a retirement pension anyhow is less hard hit by redundancy than a man of 50, who has still 15 years to go for his pension and is at an age when it is particularly difficult to find a new job. This unfairness might seem all the greater if the 50-year-old had completed 30 years in the industry when the 65-year-old had, as is possible, completed little more than the bare minimum. A further dubious aspect of the agreement is that compensation will not be paid once a displaced worker gets a new job, which suggests that the scheme in fact is regarded not as true compensation, as of right, for the waste of acquired skill and the possible inconvenience of moving homes, but solely as a supplement to unemployment insurance. These points show some of the difficulties which both masters and unions face in working out such schemes; and, though the product of their joint effort is a great deal better than nothing at all, its inevitable inadequacies show that no compensation scheme can be a substitute for work. The fact that no worker in the industry is to be left entirely stranded must not remove from the government the obligation to stimulate and create new industries in Lancashire to replace the old.

NEXT WEEK

Where are the Good Britons?

Reflections on the Hola killings

by Paul Johnson

Mr Brooke's Report

In the next 20 years about half a million acres of land will be needed for urban uses, though this figure, given in the Ministry of Housing and Local Government's Report for 1958 (Cmd 737; HMSO, 10s. 6d.), makes insufficient allowance for the new population projections. These show that population of England and Wales will increase by four million by 1980—a much greater increase than previously expected. The half-million acres may well be an underestimate, but this two per cent. loss of agricultural land need not cause undue alarm. A moderate increase in productivity over the remaining 98 per cent. and a reasonable improvement of marginal land will easily offset it. What should cause concern is the government's reluctance to plan in positive fashion for this extension of the total urban area. Large towns are being contained by green belts, but speculative sprawl thrives beyond them. Because the government lacks the resolution to go in for a large-scale dispersal policy, our big cities are now poised for a new surge into the countryside. There is greater resolution in Mr Brooke's housing, as distinct from town planning, policy. Public authorities last year built fewer than half the 242,000 dwellings completed. This year both that proportion and the dimensions of houses and flats themselves will be still further reduced. At the same time private housing for sale is quickly approaching the 150,000 mark. The present subsidy structure encourages local authorities to build one-bedroom dwellings for old people and tall flats for families rehoused from the slums. We are now right back to a 'two nations' policy in housing and the social segregation which is its worst aspect.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Singapore

A Bold Experiment

A Correspondent in Singapore writes: On 30 May the people of Singapore will elect a government under which they will be autonomous; Britain will remain responsible for defence and foreign affairs.

The new government will face a formidable economic problem. Singapore's population amounts to nearly a million and a half, more than a million of them Chinese, half of them women. Singapore has the dubious honour of having the fastest population growth ever achieved by mankind. The increase is some 65,000 persons a year. Some 30,000 young people are annually thrown on the employment market. Whatever the 194 candidates may say, no one believes that this economic problem is soluble without the full co-operation of the Federation of Malaya, to which the island is physically joined by a mile-long causeway and with which it is heavily involved commercially. An island of 210 square miles cannot stand alone. But in the Federation, where the Malays are about equal in numbers with the Chinese and Indians, Malay opinion is not prepared to join with another million Chinese and so become a minority in their own land.

If what Mr Lennox-Boyd has described as 'this bold experiment' in self-government were to fail, the new constitution would be suspended and colonial administration reimposed. Trouble from a discontented population would follow and British business would hurry across the causeway. Some trading houses have already moved over, fearing restrictions from what they prophesy will be a government of angry young men.

Efforts to reassure them have been made by Lee Kuan Yew, 34-year-old Cambridge educated Secretary General of the People's Action Party. 'No sane government,' say the PAP, 'would want to destroy the foundations on which the port's economy rests. Free port status would not be attacked or modified, save for the most compelling reasons. Foreign capital investment in industry would be encouraged'. The PAP's five-year plan promises to end the present 'feudalistic outlook' and to prepare the 'preliminary ground work for a future Socialist society'. Until Singapore is merged with the Federation, in short, the PAP intends to take no more than fairly firm baby steps. The working population is promised a fair deal, protection against capitalist exploitation and a big new building for all the democratic trade unions. Realising that the entrepot trade is unlikely to expand sufficiently to absorb many new workers, it plans new manufacturing industries based on local capital where it is available, and adds that it will bring back some of the £100 million invested abroad by the government and city authorities. It hopes that the Federation will eventually agree to a common market for locally made goods and offers the Federation joint control of Singapore's port.

The present Conservative government of the Federation opposes the common market and a free port and doesn't like the idea of an energetic left-wing government running Singapore. But my own belief is that the small steps towards Socialism which the PAP can take in power, combined with the determined front it will be compelled to present against the left-wing adventurers (the PAP name for militant Communists), may do much to reassure the federal Malays. It is reasonable to expect a good and sensible administration from the disciplined, dedicated men who lead the PAP.

On the eve of the election, it is generally agreed that the occasion has become a straight fight for power between the Socialist Peoples Action Party, and the conservative Liberal-Socialists. The odds are on the side of the PAP. In no more than seven constituencies will there be straight fights, and the PAP and Liberal Socialists meet as direct opponents in only two of them. In the other five, the PAP's opponents are from Lim Yew Hock's Singapore People's Alliance together with one independent. In 15 wards the anti-PAP is split two ways; in 15 other constituencies three ways; in ten wards by four opponents; in two constituencies five ways and in the other two wards by six opponents. In these circumstances, bearing in mind the careful party organisation of the PAP and the anarchy of their opposition, the PAP is entitled to feel optimistic, if not downright cocky. Responsible PAP opinion expect the PAP to collect 40 of the 51 seats, but the serious possibility of the PAP winning all 51 seats must not be ruled out. The new post-election question which will now arise is: Can Lee control his extreme Left when he is in power? And, if not, what will he and the other PAP moderates seek to do about it?

Paris

Military Philosophy

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The anniversary of the May *coup* passed off without any real trouble. In Paris, only 200 fanatics turned out in response to M. Biaggi's appeal, and the police dispersed them without even using their batons. In Algiers, the army, which has now severed relations with the *ultras,* organised a 'fraternisation festival' and marched the usual crowd of docile Arabs from the Kasba up to the Forum to take part in it; most of the *colons* stayed at home. Hence, the French went on their Whitsun holidays reassured: de Gaulle, it seems, can keep order on both sides of the Mediterranean.

Unhappily, a number of army chiefs took the opportunity of the anniversary to explain to their subordinates how they interpret the authority and the aims of the Fifth Republic. General Challe spoke in Algiers, Marshal Juin in Biarritz, while General Massu gave an interview to a Bordeaux paper. All three statements were calculated to attract the widest possible publicity; all three were expositions of the same doctrine. General Challe, Commander-in-Chief in Algeria: 'When we have won here, we shall not simply pack our bags and return to the Ecole de Guerre. Here in this war, a dress-rehearsal for a Continental conflict, we have learned how to construct a solid, territorial machine of war, which will endure. It will be necessary in the days to come'. Marshal Juin: 'Faced with the danger of a nuclear war, we must create a framework for the nation and unmask the subversives'. General Massu: 'The army in Algeria is the vanguard of the great battle between East and West'. From these and other speeches, three central ideas seem to emerge: (1) The Algerian War has as its purpose the perfection of a politico-military technique. (2) This will also be applied in Metropolitan France in due course, in order to 'discipline' the nation and destroy 'subversive elements'. (3) The 'final struggle' will take place on a front 'from Brest to the Urals'.

L'Humanité declared itself very shocked by Challe's speech, which it argued, revealed the intention of the French General Staff to organise a new anti-Soviet crusade. In fact, there is no reason why the Russians should feel particularly menaced by a general who cannot even master a band of lightly armed guerrillas. The dangerous element in the doctrine is the desire to *encadrer* the French nation – as the generals put it. Challe and Massu, it seems, were impressed by the ease with which their men marshalled the inhabitants of the Algiers Kasba up to the Forum. They aspire to do the same in Lyons or Paris. Here, a number of journalists have seen a document drawn up by a group of senior officers, which discussed the possibilities of 'ridding de Gaulle of his liberal advisers' and 'the means whereby he can be convinced of the necessity to install a regime which conforms to the needs of the 20th century'.

Moscow

Against the Philistines

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: One of the most unexpected campaigns at present being waged in the Soviet press and other media of mass communications is that against bad taste. Æsthetic considerations never played a part in the previous drives for a more *kulturny* mode of life, which were more concerned with manners than with the cultivation of good taste. Now, however, we read of exhibitions in the provinces under the title 'Down with Vulgarity', of a Comsomol raid on kolkhoz markets where young men and women lectured would-be purchasers of gaudy china dogs and sentimental paintings and chanted 'Goodbye, Mopsik' [the Russian equivalent of Fido]. Contributors to the widely-read youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* are advising tenants of new flats that the possession of ornate furniture, tasselled silk lampshades and poorly-executed paintings is a mark of 'petit-bourgeois, philistine taste'. Even that venerable trio of indoor plants – the aspidistra, the ficus, and the rubber tree – is being condemned as an unæsthetic as well as unhygienic form of decoration; and as much is being said about antimacassars.

This campaign, like so many others, was heralded by an article in *Kommunist,* entitled 'Æsthetic Training in Shaping New Man'. 'Our propaganda work,' the author wrote, 'is still timid about raising questions of æsthetic training. . . . In the very few works that deal with the subject, the authors generally restrict themselves to giving practical advice on the cultivation of good taste in clothes. . . . Very little attention is given to . . . the cultivation of æsthetic standards.' Surveying manifestations of popular taste, he continues: 'Today philistinism eagerly dons the garb of agreement with the noble ideas of our time and would like to serve as art caterer to our people. Banal songs, cloyingly sentimental paintings, ornate architecture, beerily-melancholic films – these are all channels by which philistine tastes are spread'.

It is to the schools that the *Kommunist* writer looks both for the causes of low æsthetic taste and for a solution of the problem. Of all forms of art, he wrote, literature was the only one studied in school and this merely as an illustration to history or sociology, no attention having been paid to literature's æsthetic qualities. The fundamentals of the fine arts, music, the theatre, the cinema, applied arts and architecture were not taught at all. It was necessary to introduce music, art and literature appreciation as well as training in manners and behaviour.

Meanwhile an interesting attempt to fill the gap is being made by the organisation of what are known as people's universities of culture and art. Consisting of two-year courses of Sunday lectures, organised visits to theatres, artists' studios, museums, etc., these might at first sight be mistaken as an extension of the conventional type of workers' education. They are, in fact, something different. The public filling to capacity local factory clubs and 'places of culture' is composed mainly of young people with secondary education who appear to be attending these courses in the arts not in order to acquire diplomas or certificates (none is offered), but to acquire a better understanding and appreciation of the subject. The lecturers, whose papers are illustrated by 'live' performances by professional actors, extracts from films, and musical turns, seem to be making a genuine attempt to teach art appreciation. And one usually comes away with the impression that the young working-class public is ready for a more sophisticated approach to life than contemporary Soviet writers, painters and so on have hitherto reckoned. More than 1,000 of these people's universities have been organised, and they must already be catering for fully a million people.

One aspect of the campaign for raising æsthetic standards is the demand that the industrial artist or designer should play a more effective role in the production of consumer goods. The divorce of the artist from industry is all but complete, the so-called artistic councils attached to various branches of the consumer goods industry under the regional economic councils being dominated by representatives of the manufacturing and distributing ends. To return to *Kommunist*: 'Beauty in everyday life is an important aspect of æsthetic training. Our industry has achieved a high level of development. There are no material or technical obstacles in our country to carrying out any design or manufacturing any object that can beautify our life. And when Soviet people cannot find consumer goods that meet their æsthetic requirements we blame those production workers who underestimate the significance of the artist. The press should help fight philistinism in our home surroundings, should help fight poor taste in the cut and colour of clothing and millinery, in the design of furniture, and in general of all the objects that surround Soviet people in everyday life'. Who would have thought he would live to see the day when *Kommunist* published articles about Soviet women's hats?

Fleet Street

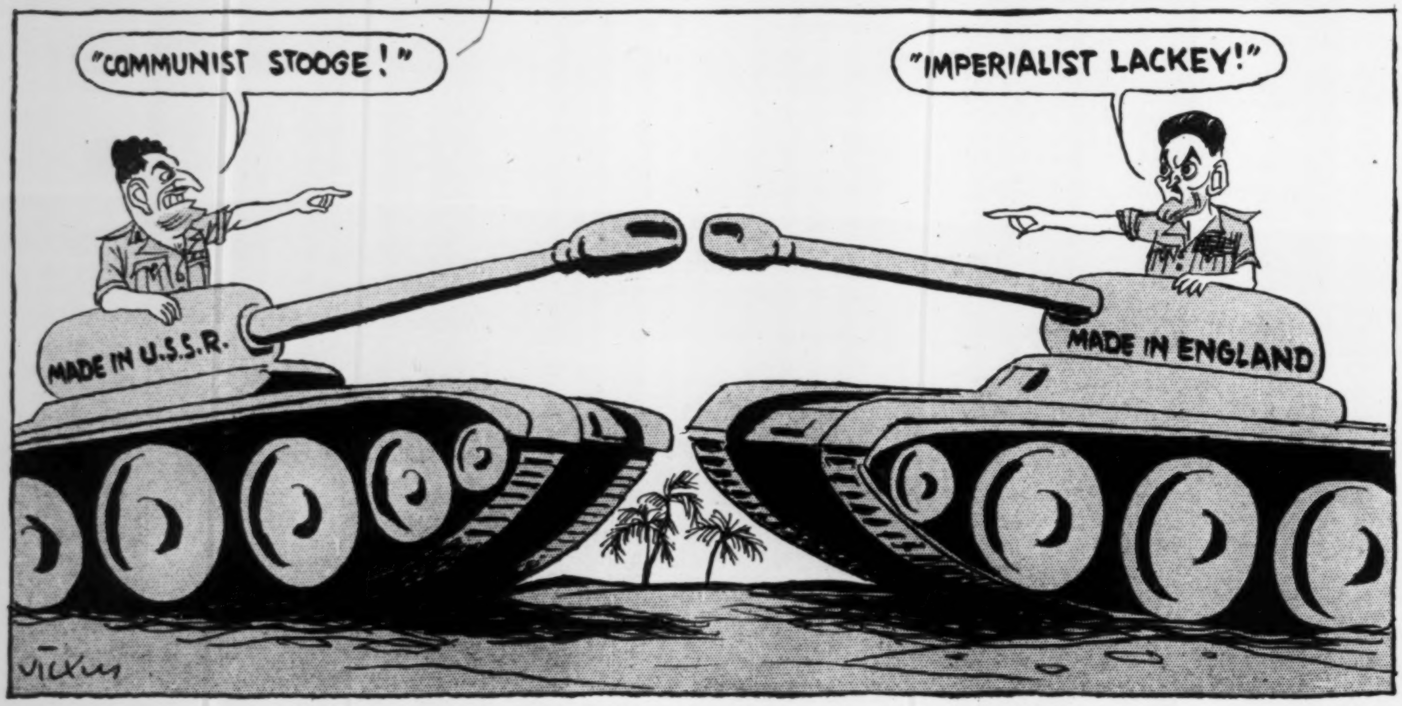
Teen-age Trade

According to the market researchers and financial statisticians, teenagers, by which for commercial purposes is meant all those between the ages of 15 and 20 who are unmarried, now spend each year 'at their own discretion' something in the neighbourhood of £900 million. Any group of people with £900 million a year to spend is naturally liable to attract the interest of advertisers and newspaper proprietors – what is surprising is that the really concentrated attack on this market is only now beginning to warm up and that, although there are a number of magazines aimed specially at it, none of them yet seems to have hit the golden formula which spells real success. Last week, however, the *News of the World*, whose renewed bid for Newnes' magazines has now been trumped, perhaps decisively, by Odhams, decided to have a go at the teen-age market independently and without waiting for the outcome of its wider market negotiations.

Through a subsidiary, City Magazines Ltd, it launched *Boy Friend*, with an initial printing of half a million and a fairly weighty promotion campaign on commercial television, Radio Luxembourg, and in the *News of the World* itself. *Boy Friend*, as its name implies, is aimed primarily at the girl half of the teen-age market. There are already some half-dozen other weeklies on the same golden trail, but the field is sufficiently open to make it probable that from now on competition will get even more intense. Chief of the others are *Valentine*, *Marilyn* and *Roxy*, all published by Amalgamated Press, *Mirabelle*, published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd, and *Romeo*, published by D. C. Thomson and Co. of Dundee.

Like these others, the *News of the World's* contribution to the education of British youth would appear to be based on three main assumptions. The first of these is that the majority of teen-age girls, at any rate of the working classes, cannot read – or at least not much. All of them depend primarily for their appeal on stories and features told in the form of strip cartoons with very little text, and what text there is in very simple words. The second assumption is that the primary interest of the teen-age girl is in 'pop' singers. More than half *Boy Friend* is devoted to the real or fictional adventures of pop singers and their girl friends. The third assumption, those anxious about juvenile manners may be encouraged to know, is that teen-age girls are on the whole very moral young things. All the picture serials tend to have highly moral endings. Girl gets boy – but only if she has shown herself to possess solid worth as well as glamour. And one of *Boy Friend's* big promotion gimmicks is the offer of a 'Going Steady Ring': 'Every girl wants to go steady and your going steady ring will tell the world how you feel'. It is in the main a depressingly trivial world in which *Boy Friend* and its earlier competitors open windows for the young, but it is one in which the lower middle- and working-class virtues are firmly supported. Somewhat oddly, there is only one weekly aimed exclusively at the teen-age boy – although the *News of the World*, I am told, is turning over the possibility of a male partner for *Boy Friend* in the future. The only one at present is *Top Spot*, launched a few months ago by Amalgamated Press. Rather interestingly it seems to be assumed in this that, although girl teen-agers find reading difficult, teen-age boys don't. *Top Spot* has seven pages of strips, but 16 of text – and very closely printed text at that. The main emphasis is on crime and adventure stories. Again the general climate is pretty moral, although not quite so cosily so as in the girls' magazines. No hint of any interest in public affairs is allowed to soil the pages of these journals, whether intended for boys or girls.

Despite that £900 million pocket money, none


"COMMUNIST STOOGE!"
"IMPERIALIST LACKEY!"
MADE IN U.S.S.R.
MADE IN ENGLAND
VICKY

of these papers has so far succeeded in attracting much advertising – two or three pages at most seems to be the average. At first sight this seems particularly odd, because market research indicates that this working-class teen-age group looks at television much less than do its elders and cannot therefore be reached to any large extent by the commercials. It is, however, probably partly explained by the current pattern of their spending. According to a recent *Financial Times* survey, about a quarter of this goes on clothes and shoes. Most of this is probably either at the big chain stores such as Woolworths, which have not hitherto gone in for much advertising, or at little local shops. Other large spending is on cinemas and dance halls and on sweets, soft drinks and snacks in local cafés; and, among more durable goods, on records and record players, bicycles and motor bicycles – indeed about 25 per cent. of all consumer expenditure on such things is believed to be teen-age. The amount spent on alcohol and cigarettes is surprisingly small, though cosmetics take up a lot of the girl teen-agers' pocket money. To a considerable extent, of course, this teen-age market can be reached by advertisers through other media – especially the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Express,* both of which have a large percentage of teen-age readers, and on Sundays the *News of the World, Sunday Pictorial* and *People.* The elder teen-age girls also tend to add *Woman, Woman's Own* and *Women's Mirror* to their reading, and the elder boys *Reveille, Week-End* and *Tit-Bits.* All the same, it is curious that the specifically teen-age papers have not yet won a bigger advertising harvest.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Story of Federation

INSIDE Britain, debate on the Federation of Central Africa has largely hinged on whether human rights or economic interests are the more important. In Central Africa itself, the issue is much more straightforward: it is between the political contentions of white and black nationalism.

In both the crisis atmosphere of the past two months and the period of public discussion between 1951 and 1953 which preceded federation, it was widely and wrongly assumed that the idea of associating together the three territories of Central Africa was a sudden political brainwave, designed to meet the needs of three small communities in an age of big battalions. Only those who have studied the history of Central Africa over the last half century have understood the true pattern into which Federation must be fitted. Why, for example, did the Southern Rhodesian settlers reject the proposal of amalgamation with Northern Rhodesia when it was offered to them by the British South Africa Company as long ago as 1915? Why, none the less, did they both accept and even demand it in 1953? The answer is crucial to the whole issue. In 1915, in the words of a legislative councillor, 'in the employ of a charter company in Northern Rhodesia were black men who filled various posts. . . . If the people of Southern Rhodesia believed that the natives were going to be admitted to the skilled trades, occupations and professions, they would think it was a country to get out of'.

So Southern Rhodesia proceeded to follow the example of South Africa, gaining responsible self-government for the white minority in 1923. It might have been expected that this would be the parting of the ways, with Southern Rhodesia, like South Africa, becoming independent under a white oligarchy, leaving Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland to follow the more normal line of development under the Colonial Office. This would probably have happened but for the development of the Northern Rhodesian copperbelt. During the early Twenties, the output of minerals in that territory was worth less than £400,000 a year. By 1924, it had risen to £3 million. By 1939, in spite of the depression, it reached £9¾ million, and by 1949 £35½ million. In the meantime the European population had increased from about 3,000 to about 45,000. It was this population of white miners, among them many from the South African Rand, who were most shocked by the Devonshire Declaration of 1923 (repeated by Lord Passfield in 1930), which declared that the interests of native populations should be paramount and should prevail over those of immigrants. Frightened of being linked with the Colonial Office territories of Kenya and Uganda in the north, they turned their eyes southwards to Salisbury. With their rapidly growing dowry of copper, they were met with much greater affection than had been shown in 1915.

So began the long series of manœuvres which culminated in Federation. A steady pressure campaign was started by the whites of both Rhodesias to link their two territories under their own domination. In 1927 their pressure had become so strong that the Hilton Young Commission on the Closer Union of the Dependencies in Eastern and Central Africa was appointed. That Commission was told of Northern Rhodesian fears that the Colonial Office intended to put their country under African rule. The Commission reported against any kind of union, but the idea had at least been firmly placed on the agenda. By 1931, the elected members of both Rhodesias were asking for a conference on amalgamation; and in 1936 they submitted agreed terms to the government in London.

The British government was pushed far enough by 1937 to set up, under the chairmanship of Lord Bledisloe, a Royal Commission on Closer Cooperation or Association between the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. That Commission also reported against immediate amalgamation, which it nevertheless regarded as an ultimate objective, emphasising the difficulties of differing constitutional status and native policies. Out of this report came the Central African Council to provide the machinery of co-operation between the three territories. The Council met with considerable success, and it is probable that all measures of economic cooperation could have been carried out under its aegis. Its very success, however, foretold its demise. If the Council could co-ordinate economic development without the assumption of political control by a central, white-dominated government, much of the case for amalgamation would be destroyed. The Southern Rhodesians therefore gave notice of their withdrawal and so effectively destroyed this method of economic federation.

By this time three events had occured to spur on the ambitions of those determined on creating a new white dominion. A rapid increase in copper production during the war had led to the establishment of African political and trade union organisations in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. In 1948, the Afrikaner Nationalists won the South African general election, thus making acceptance of Afrikaner dominance the price Southern Rhodesians would have to pay for joining the Union. Thirdly, white immigration into Southern Rhodesia after the war as an escape from the welfare state in Britain had been so rapid that economic resources were incapable of meeting social demands. The white supremacists were thus caught between the upper and nether millstones of black and Afrikaner nationalism.

By 1948, therefore, the leading white politicians had set a clear course towards some form of association between the three states which would give them the opportunity to secure complete political power. Southern Rhodesia was desperately anxious to secure the use of copperbelt revenue to save herself from bankruptcy. Although there were doubts in Northern Rhodesia about the greed of their southern neighbours, Roy Welensky expressed the dominant view when he said 'our best chance of breaking with the Colonial Office lies in federation'. In Nyasaland, more than one voice was heard; but the European community expressed a general fear of being left out in the cold. In 1949 another conference of European leaders was held at Victoria Falls, and this time its discussions centred on 'federation' instead of 'amalgamation'. Pressure on London was increasing; and Sir Godfrey Huggins in particular played skilfully on the British government's mistrust of South Africa by imploring Britain to save him and the people of Southern Rhodesia from the tentacles of the Union – though why the South African Nationalists should ever have wanted to create a second Natal by accepting 200,000 anti-Afrikaner whites and two million hostile Africans has never been explained.

The pressure, however, was successful and the federal scheme was born. White Central Africa had secured its first solid bridgehead, and from it the federalists have been able ever since to wage a continuous aggressive campaign. Although at first the doubts roused in the Labour Party by African hostility to federation delayed its coming, by 1953 the new constitution was in operation.

Since 1953 the federal government has used every constitutional opportunity to augment its power, to weaken the authority of Britain and to ensure that African political organisation is prevented from challenging white domination. This campaign gained greatly in impetus from Welensky's talks with the British government in April 1957. At these talks he took several steps forward in gaining federal power at the expense of Britain. In particular he secured from Britain the remarkable concession that all civil services in the Federation, both federal and territorial, should be locally based. Of equal importance was the British government's surrender of its right to legislate in federal matters except at the request of the federal government.

Thus, when a little later, the grossly discriminatory federal franchise was introduced, British ministers had clipped their own wings and lost all power to object. Having by these means secured the election of sufficient black faces controlled by white votes to maintain the fiction of racial partnership, Sir Roy Welensky was ready for a show-down with the rising power of the congress movements, which now represented the chief menace to white control. In the process of that show-down the use of federally controlled troops in a British-protected territory has finally exposed the abdication of British responsibility. Any British government now knows what it could expect if it tried to interfere with the steady march of the white oligarchy towards total power after 1960. Simultaneously with the recent moves against the Congresses, the creation of a new constitution in

Northern Rhodesia, and the appointment in its new Executive Council of five ministers from Welensky's Federal Party out of a total ten, pinpointed the new area of attack. Northern Rhodesia, where African opposition to federation is just as strong as in Nyasaland, is now to follow the pattern of white control already established in Southern Rhodesia.

This 30-years' drive towards political power for the white oligarchy over the black masses is closely similar to the history of South Africa. If it succeeds the result will be basically the same. What then are the chances of reversing it in time? It is no good pretending that it will be an easy matter for any British government to stand up to the pretensions of the federal leaders. Many of the inadequate powers left to Britain even after 1953 have been surrendered during the past six years. Nevertheless, the only alternative to complete surrender is for a British government to face the risks and the consequences of reasserting its authority over these territories while it still has at least the form of legal responsibility. Only by ensuring that, before the constitutional review takes place in 1960, both Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland shall have constitutions which will enable genuine African opinion to be heard, and only by making it clear that in both territories the future will rest with the majority, can the British reputation for justice be reasserted.

The importance of the issue at stake is clear. In this area for which Britain still retains ultimate and nominal responsibility, we are being challenged to show whether we believe in government by consent or government by force. The world will judge the pretensions of the West by the choice we make and the courage we show.

London Diary

THE British have an old, ridiculous habit, of claiming to have 'the best so-and-so in the world' – from policemen to beef, and civil servants to old-world villages. With new-found humility, we now rush to the opposite extreme. We have the dirtiest streets in the world – which might sound true if one had never seen Calcutta; the worst cooking – which might seem true if one had never eaten in the Balkans; and now, a motoring friend of mine says that we have the worst drivers in Europe – which may, he admits, only mean that we have the most exasperating roads. He adds generously that at the Whitsun week-end, he did see one or two drivers conforming to the double-white line. Of course, the newspapers had to generalise about our holiday score of accidents; 'Chaotic, but Safe', said the *Daily Herald*, and 'To the sorely tried drivers of Britain – Well-done and Thank you'. The *News Chronicle* found the standard of driving better than in previous week-ends, and the *Manchester Guardian* saw the jammed roads as 'a kind of national neurosis of frustration'. *The Times* said that 'the wheel seems to discover in the mildest of men a pugnacity to which his feet are strangers' – a remark which neglects the recent case of a man who was so fed up with a woman who kept him fumbling at a ticket office that he attacked her from behind. A highly respectable city gent confessed to me that he kicked an obstructive stranger in the rear the other day in the underground. The truth is that we are too crowded. The solution of the road problem is not to straighten out the by-roads of England, but to construct a few *autobahns*, since, as the *Daily Telegraph* rightly remarked, the motorists dashing to the sea 'boycott' all second-class roads. This is the best way of safeguarding the countryside as well as avoiding jams. The city problem, of course, is different, and I welcome the initiative of a group of engineers in Bristol who are scientifically studying the problems of road planning and pedestrian crossings, lest our cities suffer the fate of some large American towns, where vast highways have been ruthlessly constructed through their centres. Even so, I suspect that many of the seven million cars of Britain will be compelled to park outside our big towns, and their owners be reduced to finishing the journey by public transport – compelled, unless, like me, they are wise enough to discover how much they save in money, time, and nervous energy, by giving up the attempt to manœuvre a car in London streets.

* * *

Compulsory Latin? Are we still harping on that antique controversy? My own view is simple. I spent a ludicrously large proportion of my youthful life between the ages of nine and 19 in learning (but never mastering, and subsequently forgetting) two classical languages. I gained from this experience two important things. One was a habit of evaluating and economising words; the other was a detailed and exciting intimacy with a great civilisation and with a system of ideas which is at the basis of our society. If the neglect of classical languages means the loss of these benefits, it is disastrous. But there is no reason why the intensive study of some modern language, literature and civilisation, combined with imaginative teaching of history (including the history of thought, especially scientific thought), should not be as good, or perhaps an even better substitute.

* * *

The other day I had a long conversation about India's future foreign policy with a well-known and well-informed Indian friend visiting this country. He was critical of Nehru's handling of the Chinese-Tibetan situation only in one particular. He thought he should have quietly and firmly have reminded the world, including China, that India is pledged to the military defence of such border states as Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan. I am myself doubtful whether this would have done any good. The Chinese know all about the commitments India inherited from Britain, and for Nehru to have repeated the warning at the crucial moment would have amounted to a public declaration of distrust in Chou En-lai's promise to respect India's frontiers. As long as Nehru can hope that China does not intend any 'aggression' (legally Tibet was a part of China anyway) he may well have judged such a statement bad diplomacy. If Nehru fears that India may have to use her armies to defend this frontier, he may well prefer quiet preparation to public statements that would be exploited by an inflammable press on both sides of the Himalayas. I asked my friend whether, if he took so pessimistic a view of Chinese intentions, he thought India would be compelled to accept military as well as economic aid from America and if it did not logically follow that India should now make a much more strenuous effort to reach agreement with Pakistan. He emphatically rejected both suggestions. India, in his view, had to face a perilous future with a hostile Pakistan on one northern flank and an aggressive China on the other. Her best chance of doing so successfully was still to maintain her detachment from any western alliance. He is probably right.

* * *

President Sukarno is paying a second visit to Europe. He has had a holiday in the Caucasus, has visited Warsaw, Copenhagen, Budapest and Rome and is on his way to South America, California and Tokio. He is head of a state with a population of 85 millions and a government which (in spite of much said to the contrary) is substantially democratic. The Communist Party – again in spite of the confident prophecies – is still only one of several competitors for power. Last time Sukarno came west, he proved a spell-binder in West Germany and the United States as well as in the Soviet Union. Yet so arbitrary is our choice of heads of state we wish to honour that we seem on this occasion not even to have discussed inviting him here. Of course, the Dutch royal family would not like it – a fact which may or may not be relevant. Holland cannot accustom itself to the idea of Indonesian independence. Last year Mr Casey, Australia's well-meaning foreign minister, agreed at The Hague to persuade Britain and America to refuse to sell Jakarta the naval aircraft Indonesia needed to patrol its home waters. After the Australian elections, Whitehall did in fact change its mind, and we have now sold the Indonesians jeeps and other equipment for their army. The Dutch have made an official protest to Mr Profumo, as if they had some right to be consulted about our trade with Jakarta!

* * *

Few occupations, I suppose, offer so little promise of reward as that of opera composer. You are unlikely even to persuade anyone to give your opera a chance of being heard. That has been the experience of Wilfred Mellers (described in Grove as one of the most important British composers of his generation) and David Holbrook (whose poems occasionally appear in this journal); they have for some years been collaborating in what they call 'plays-in-music'. Therefore with great courage they have decided themselves to put on one of their efforts called *The Borderline* at the Scala Theatre for four performances on 4, 5 and 6 June. It is a bold venture because Mellers, who writes about music and teaches it extra-murally at Birmingham University, and Holbrook, who teaches English at one of the Cambridgeshire village colleges, haven't really got the kind of money usually considered necessary to finance an opera. I gather that the Arts Council is helping. I hope their enterprise pays off. Their libretto, I'm told, deals with the problem of 'crossing the borderline between childhood and maturity without losing too much of the child's vision'. The children of the village combine to prevent local calamities rather after the manner of *Emile and the Detectives*. Solomon Grundy and other nursery rhyme figures make, I'm told, a symbolic appearance, and the cast includes children from the Children's Opera Group as well as several first-rank adult performers. The authors expect an audience of critics and theatrical top brass. That will be fine if the VIPs see a future for the work. But it would also be a help if large audiences of ordinary adults and children turned up.

* * *

I have for years been a collector of Churchill-isms, which I take to mean remarks that Sir Winston might have made and which will be attributed to him, rightly or wrongly, unless someone else establishes a better claim. I should welcome additions to my present collection. A good example is the story of the Archbishop of Canterbury who complained, as I'm told Archbishops do, that they cannot manage on their £7,500 a year because of extensive property they have to maintain. 'Why,' said one Archbishop, 'Lambeth Palace alone has 40 bedrooms.' 'Ah,' said the Premier, 'Now I understand your embarrassment, Archbishop. After all, you have no more than 39 articles.'

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

But, if he was a sage in business hours, he was always a boy at heart. The heart was given over to birds, beasts and flowers. He was an eager field naturalist and gardener, a still keener shot. And like most great English killers of birds he was a merciful man who cherished the victims he slew so cleanly. – *The Times*. (R. Cunningham.)

Further questioned, Mrs Slattery said she sat and smoked a cigarette after the alleged assault in order to calm her nerves. She thought it was unusual when he asked her to lock the door, she said, but she put it down to the fact that he was not English. – *The Star*. (W. G. Manley.)

Ex-Company Sergt-Maj. John McKenna, of the 4th Batt. Black Watch, is looking for a stuffed ape . . . for the battalion's first reunion dinner since the war.

In the unlikely event that Sergt-Maj. McKenna finds a well-preserved specimen, it will be suitably attired in khaki drill and a steel helmet with a red hackle and given a place of honour near the VIP's table. – *Daily Mail*. (Wm. Jenkins.)

An officer in the Coldstream Guards says: 'Personally, I think every officer should wear a bowler in London, even if he's Pioneer Corps I do feel it's wise to change your hat when going out of London.' – *Sunday Dispatch* (W. Worsley.)

Who Will Undo the Package?

THE outcome of the Geneva conference is still entirely unpredictable. After ten days of skilful, and on the whole friendly, fencing over procedure and approach, the western team and Mr Gromyko have still only a tentative idea of what is in each other's mind. This lack of clarity springs in part from the fact that the conference was not prepared, but it is also a reflection of the extreme fluidity of the negotiating positions on either side. Mr Gromyko, for instance, does not yet know how seriously the West intends to cling to its concept of an indivisible 'package', or whether he will be permitted to extract its more attractive morsels for separate consumption. Equally, the West does not know whether the bait the package undoubtedly contains is sufficiently tempting to persuade Gromyko to get down to detailed bargaining at foreign minister level. On the answers to these two questions the success of the conference will depend.

Some clues can be discovered by examining the individual approach of the senior delegates. Last Friday, Mr Lloyd said of Gromyko: 'I have never seen him in such a friendly mood'. This impression is general. So anxious is Gromyko to create a conciliatory atmosphere that he has on two occasions deliberately refused to enter into an argument in the conference room. He has gone to immense pains to help the press, twice dispatching Mr Zorin, his deputy, to conduct the Soviet briefings, and even allowing photographers to take pictures of his bathroom.

At Soviet briefing meetings, the spokesmen smilingly refuse to be baited by the various refugees who infest the Maison de la Presse: their theme, parrot-like, is: 'Let us forget about the past and concentrate on the future'. Gromyko, surprisingly enough, seems to enjoy wide discretionary power, which is reflected in his willingness to hold private talks with other delegates. His instructions would seem to be as follows: 'Avoid a breakdown at all cost. Show sufficient interest in detailed negotiations to get the West to loosen the string around the package. Then, when the principle of indivisibility has been undermined, but not before that, insist that the Foreign Ministers hand over to the heads of government at the Summit'.

Obviously, such a general directive leaves plenty of room for manœuvre, and it is the West's consciousness of Gromyko's comparative flexibility which gives bite to this conference. But here agreement on the western side ends. Should Soviet flexibility simply be exploited – or reciprocated? Mr Lloyd firmly upholds the second view. His consistent optimism has been one of the marked features of this conference, which he sees, following Mr Macmillan, as the first of a glacier-like procession, slowly grinding down the obstacles in its path. Obviously, in such a concept, there is no room for a package agreement, none of whose parts becomes effective until the whole is accepted.

In view of the suspicion which surrounds him on the western side, Lloyd himself dare not initiate any concessions; indeed, Britain's failure to insert any of its key ideas into the package makes one doubt whether he possesses the power. 'I would rather die,' he remarked defensively last week, 'than be the first to undo the package'. But at the same time he seemed to hint that the task would have to fall to someone. In the meantime, he is working extremely hard – he even spent Whit Sunday on what he termed 'a working picnic' – to reciprocate Gromyko's cordiality: his public comments on the package, condensed from a masterly Foreign Office draft defining the British position, were a deliberate and successful attempt to cut through the Cold War diplomatic polemics and to 'sell' the negotiable elements in the western plan on their own merits. As such, Lloyd's speech had its effect, and undoubtedly persuaded Gromyko to tone down the comments he made on the plan on Monday. This may not be sensational: but it is the bread-and-butter of diplomacy. Lloyd, like any other mediocre lawyer, is merely as good as his brief. Fortunately he now has a good one, prepared by that very able diplomat Mr. Patrick Hancock; and by comparison with the stale and colourless figures which surround him at Geneva, even Lloyd is beginning to emerge as a minor Talleyrand.

Nevertheless, real negotiations cannot get under way so long as the package remains intact. Whose hand, then, is to loosen the string? Certainly not M. Couve de Murville's. The French are the rogue elephants at this conference, preferring to break up the herd if they cannot lead it. They hold a watching brief for both the Germans and Italians, and they are unlikely to make any move which does not have the express approval of Dr Adenauer. They watch Mr Lloyd like a hawk – more particularly since Britain's nuclear status gives him an *entrée* into private meetings with Herter and Gromyko from which they are excluded – even copying the West Germans in sending an observer to British press briefings. If de Gaulle sees an opportunity for a personal initiative which will strengthen his position at home, it is possible that the French attitude will change. But this will not occur at foreign minister level, and for the moment the French are inflexibly opposed to any modification in the package concept. They cannot, of course, resist the united will of Britain and America: but they are able, and willing in certain circumstances, to hold up the proceedings by tabling a new proposal – embodying de Gaulle's unworkable concept of 'disarmament from the Atlantic to the Urals' – which they have drawn up in conjunction with the Foreign Ministers of West Germany and Italy.

It seems inevitable, therefore, that any package-breaking will have to be done by Mr Herter. In some ways he is the mystery man of this conference. On the one hand, he will permit no erosion of the West's rights to remain in Berlin, or of the more fundamental concept that any reunification process must culminate in western paramountcy in a united Germany. On the other hand, he is relatively open-minded. Unlike Mr Dulles, he has no policy objection to the relaxation of tension, nor does he regard Bonn's interests as inviolable. He will play the conference by ear: far from suspecting Britain's motives, he is open to persuasion that Lloyd's tactics are the right ones. Indeed, provided that Gromyko's mood endures, it may well be that in the later stages of the conference Herter will make the running.

It goes without saying that Herter's empiricism is not shared by everyone on the US side, particularly by the raucous group of Cold Warrior journalists led by Joseph Alsop. In the next phase, therefore, much will depend on the skill with which Lloyd sets the stage for the package opening. His first object – which he may secure this week – is to shift the Big Four sessions from the Palais des Nations to the private villas. This would have three distinct advantages. First, it removes the German bugbear, for Gromyko, having won his point over the formal sessions, may not wish to have Dr Bolz around during the crucial stage of the conference – particularly if he intends to impose sacrifices on Pankow. Equally, it sidesteps the dispute over the participation of other powers, whose right to attend the formal sessions, let alone the Summit, will not be prejudiced by these private, unofficial gatherings. Thirdly, and most important, it will give Gromyko the opportunity to reveal the sort of horse-trading Mr Krushchev contemplates, and thus enable Herter to decide whether the conference shall succeed or not.

If this analysis is correct, then there are some grounds for optimism. But it must be emphasised that, even after the package is opened, the area of possible agreement is likely to be narrow in the extreme. Delegates may agree to consider further the formation of an all-German committee, its composition and terms of reference to be settled partly by the Big Four (as the West wants) and partly by the Germanys (as Russia wants). They may even feel their way towards an interim settlement in Berlin, under which the West would agree to reduce both its troops and its refugee and propaganda activities, in return for a UN 'presence' in both Berlins and a Soviet reaffirmation of western occupation rights. But in both cases, problems will be postponed rather than solved.

There remains, however, the issue of nuclear tests, which fortunately is outside the scope of the package. The test conference had been making rapid, if unpublicised, progress in the days immediately preceding its adjournment. Mr Wadsworth and Sir Michael Wright, the western delegates, are now convinced that Moscow wants an agreement; their only doubt is whether the Russians will sign control provisions which meet the rigorous standards on which Washington insists. To some extent, this doubt was removed by the successful private meeting held last Thursday, in which Gromyko assented to a scientific meeting on high altitude tests, and also agreed to look at new US data on underground tests. Soviet agreement to re-examine the scientific basis of a test-agreement is in itself an important concession; while the speed with which Gromyko urged that this should be done suggests that Krushchev is anxious to settle the technical arguments once and for all before the Summit meets. If this is so, test-control may serve not merely to 'justify' the Summit in US eyes: it may prove to be the principal item on its agenda and indeed its one achievement. Admittedly, test-control has no direct bearing on the German problem. But agreement in this field would preserve the concept of the recurrent Summit, and it would inevitably lead both sides to see the contents of the package in a different light. If as much as this is achieved during the summer, it will be pretty good going.

Geneva. PAUL JOHNSON.

The Mafia at Work

THE Mafia still has a romantic ring. Its historical antecedents as a secret organisation created to protect the Sicilian people from the foreign oppressors are chiefly responsible for this. The chivalrous legend of the Mafia is, moreover, perpetuated by the 'honourable society' itself and by those in Sicily today who still make a comfortable living on the bones of the Mafia's victims. Recently, as a result of the massacre at Corleone last summer when an internecine feud led to the killing of the local Mafia leader and some of his followers, hundreds of known Mafia members were banished by the Commissione di Confino (Exile Commission) to the bare islands off the coast of Sicily or into the provinces of northern Italy. This is Italy's traditional manner of 'solving' the Mafia problem.

Hardly a week passes without fresh Mafia crimes taking place in the three western provinces of Sicily – Trapani, Agrigento and Palermo. The victims are sometimes shepherds who have committed the crime of denouncing the theft of their sheep to the authorities – instead of resorting to the private justice of the Mafia. Sometimes they are mayors of villages, small politicians, trade unionists, who have opposed the Mafia. There is, moreover, a conspiracy of silence in most of the Italian press. Only the left-wing newspapers and the large, modern Milan daily, *Il Giorno*, openly place the crimes at the Mafia's door. Yet in Palermo one quickly feels the presence of an extraneous establishment in society. If, for instance, a Milanese industrialist wants to carry out some project in Sicily, he has first to settle accounts with the Mafia; recently the Socialist Party tried to make an electoral film in Sicily and hit upon the idea of using a *cantastoria* (singer of stories), a traditional Sicilian figure. As soon as the *cantastoria* heard that that there was some anti-Mafia material in the script, he went into hiding.

Palermo salaries are perhaps the lowest in Italy, but the Sicilian capital is the most expensive city of all. Agricultural produce, completely controlled by the 'Mafia of the gardens', is sold to the consumer at exorbitant prices and bought from the peasant at starvation prices. Today the modern Mafia controls both the fruit and vegetable export trade and the city markets. (An almost incredible chain of murders has taken place in the Palermo General Market.) The Mafia is also the Sicilian landowners' chief weapon against the land-hungry peasants, as the murders of trade unionists like Carnevale and Rizzotti show; and it extends its domain to the smuggling of cigarettes, and to the export of drugs to the US. The power system of the Mafia in fact covers all aspects of Sicilian life. Even the unemployed Sicilian seeks work from the Mafia because he regards it as the supreme power; and many Sicilian youths still look to the Mafia to provide them with a career.

The life of a prominent *mafioso*, Nicola D'Alessandro, murdered in 1955, gives an insight into the meaning of the Mafia. D'Alessandro, while still an unemployed youth, robbed a passer-by and shot him. He then 'proved' his innocence by false witnesses and later liquidated the person who had denounced him. It was only after he had proved his worth by these deeds that he was accepted into the ranks of the Mafia and was given the port area of Acquasanta. There he started his career as a *mafioso* by opening fire with his squad on the shipyard workers who were on strike. Later he took control of the fruit and vegetable market of Palermo and was killed in the feud between the 'Mafia of the gardens' and the 'Mafia of Acquasanta'. Day by day the population of Sicily has to square its accounts silently with the Mafia, paying *pizzu* (protection money) in order to exist. The Mafia takes good care of its members. The best lawyers of Sicily are regularly mobilised to defend the humblest members of the 'honourable society'. The Mafia even issues pensions to its men serving sentences. There is also the system of 'voluntary prisoners', who confess to the crimes of others in exchange for a fixed salary paid to the family.

The society's power is founded on murder. There are many disillusioned policemen in Sicily who have arrested *mafiosi* for murder, only to see them acquitted. Today there exists a 'Murder Incorporated' organisation in Sicily, at the orders of the Mafia. Since they act coldly, without personal motives, these killers are difficult to trace. Hundreds of them are today circulating freely in the Mafia-dominated western provinces of Sicily. The Mafia has no real political interests. It is interested in politics only in so far as politics mean profit. The Mafia consequently supports the party that is in power. But the value of a *mafioso* can still be measured by the number of votes he can offer to a political figure in exchange for protection.

There are sharp political differences about the methods that should be used to liquidate the Mafia. The Sicilian Christian Democrats have, in the past, opposed the creation of parliamentary investigation commissions on the grounds that these would only sully the good name of Sicily and give anti-Sicilian ammunition to 'continental' (i.e., Italian) journalists. Their stock method of dealing with the Mafia is for the provincial Exile Commissions to carry out waves of arrests after every chain of murders. The political Left regards this method as being both useless and at variance with Article 13 of the Italian constitution, which concerns the non-violation of the personal liberty of the citizen. For the Sicilian left wing the Mafia cannot be regarded merely as a police problem. The way to eliminate the Mafia, they say, is by social reforms in the island; by the progressive elimination of feudalism, poverty and illiteracy.

Following investigations last year into the Mafia by *L'Ora di Palermo*, and the Mafia's bomb attack on the newspaper in October, a Socialist proposal for a parliamentary investigation into the Mafia was recently, at long last, approved by the parliament in Rome.

Rome BRUCE RENTON

Britain's Virgin Lands

THERE is no shortage of food in this country nowadays. But – as the annual report of the Ministry of Housing, upon which a comment appears on another page, shows with clarity – there is a shortage of land. Indeed, few industrialised, urbanised communities have ever crowded themselves into as small a space as we have; and the pressure steadily increases. Every year, our population grows. Every year, it needs an increasing mass of structural services, houses, factories, roads, airfields, power stations, to maintain and improve its standard of living. Every year, therefore, more of our land passes to the builder and the engineer. According to the best available studies, in 1900 5.4 per cent. of the land surface of England and Wales was urban; in 1935 7.5 per cent.; in 1950 9.7 per cent.; and it is estimated that by 1970 the figure will be a little over 11 per cent. In the next decade we can expect an area as large as a major county to change from country to town.

In a general way we all know this. We see it around us whenever we travel. But the farmer knows it in a particular way, for most of this land has come, and will continue to come, from farming. Further, it seems probable that most of the land which farming is going to lose in the next dozen years will be good land with a net agricultural output well above the national average. Both the quantity and average quality of farmland will fall.

Nationally, there is no need to be alarmist about these developments. By 1970, practically four acres out of five will still be growing food; and, if we continue as at present, we shall be nowhere near the physical limits of production from even our well-farmed land. But the wise general who sees his front line attacked considers the state of his reserves. What are the land reserves of the farming industry?

They are the areas we technically call 'marginal land', meaning land on the economic margins of cultivation, the sort of land which is reclaimed last when prices are good and neglected first when prices are bad. Poor or rocky soil, height, exposure, excessive rainfall, steep slopes, remoteness from markets, any of these alone or in combination may bring land into this category. Such land falls into two main classes, on the one hand the bleak and bitter uplands, on the other such extreme types of lowland as the heavy clays, costly alike to drain and cultivate, and the hungry 'blow-away' sands. Detailed definitions vary, but the total area of these lands is by any reckoning considerable. In 1938, it was assessed at some six million acres, rather under a fifth of the entire land-surface of England and Wales; and nearly three-quarters of this was upland. The methods and intensity with which these handicapped soils are farmed vary immensely. Some are near-desert, some are casually grazed by ranching stock, generally sheep, some are exploited more purposefully. But however greatly they differ in physical or economical character, they all have certain fundamental weaknesses in common.

Nature has made them difficult, expensive and unreliable to cultivate. They are inherently less productive than more fortunate lands. Less obviously, nature has also restricted the choice and scope of farming possibilities in these areas. Many farmers on handicapped land are obliged

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to specialise and they cannot change to more profitable lines of production if the commercial times alter. The contribution of these handicapped lands to the national output, therefore, is low. So is the standard of life they afford their occupiers. Exmoor, for instance, is one of the most developed of these handicapped areas. But a survey in 1949 showed that the cash-value of the average annual production per acre on Exmoor was well under half that of the neighbouring lowlands, while half the farms in one representative sample did not earn enough to meet their costs.

These areas, then, are problem areas afflicted by inherent poverty. Their output is below average, their costs above it. And poverty has bred poverty, causing them to be disproportionately neglected in the bad times and preventing them from accumulating capital for rehabilitation in the good. Nevertheless they are valuable. In particular the uplands are the rearing-home of much of our livestock and they carry the flocks of the tough hill-sheep whose hardiness is transmitted by mating to the lowland flocks. Hence the various grants with which in recent years the state has encouraged the improvement of equipment and production in these backlands. Hence, too, the considerable technical development which has enabled the agriculturist to list convincingly and definitely certain of the ways in which such output could be increased.

Indeed, the agriculturist can show good evidence for confidence. In the 1930s, the Dolfor Hills of Montgomeryshire were a desolation; in the 1940s they carried hundreds of acres of potatoes, the crop which produces more food per acre than any other; and today improved grazing preserves something of the inheritance of those more drastic days. This was largely a matter of exploiting forgotten fertility. More striking, perhaps, is the creation of fertility in the arid sands of the Brecklands, where Lord Iveagh has won huge areas of productive farmland from the nearest thing we have in this country to a desert. Then again, Captain Bennett Evans has trebled the sheep-carrying capacity of Plynlimon's upper slopes and sees as yet no reason to halt his improvement schemes. Can we do anything, ask the economists and politicians, with these handicapped lands? Yes, says the agriculturist, we most certainly can.

Nevertheless, agricultural considerations soon take the argument out of the purely agricultural sphere. For it is an error to think in crudely heroic terms of tough young men at the steering-levers of mammoth tractors, of corn growing on land which once knew only bracken. Mechanised raiding-parties snatching a few years' crops are one thing: the systematic development of these lands is another. In greater detail, few of these lands are fit for cash crops. For climatic and other reasons, grass must be their main crop. Now, grass means stock; and the proper management of good grass and stock means fences, water-supplies, and buildings. It also means men, which means families, which means houses, schools, churches, roads, services. In short, the full exploitation of many of our handicapped lands is a matter nearer to colonisation than to reclamation. On the issues thus raised the agriculturist can speak only as a specialised technical adviser.

He can, of course, give his views on the manner in which these things could be done. Incidentally, he will probably emphasise the part that forestry could play in the rehabilitation of many areas. He can also estimate the cost and returns likely to be expected. Thus a survey of marginal land in England and Wales, undertaken at official request in 1949, concluded from samples representing some 2½ million acres that the capital investment required would be some £40-£45 per acre improved. Such an investment, it was estimated, would increase the present output in terms of value by 70 per cent., the aggregate increase in terms of food being equal to three per cent. of the total production of England and Wales. But he cannot, in his purely agricultural capacity, assess such factors as the national importance of recovering from the handicapped lands the food-output lost by the cession of farmland elsewhere to the builder and the industrialist. Such decisions concern the whole community.

Significantly, the 1949 surveyors doubted whether the expenditure assumed would prove financially remunerative unless prices for the end-products of these handicapped lands were 'materially higher' than those prevailing at the time. Experience has confirmed this general verdict. In 1954, a study of the costs and returns of improvements on hill farms found that the average dividend on such investments was three to four per cent., which was well below the current figure for interest on borrowed capital. And here, surely, is the crux of the matter. For the profitability of such outlay is an index of the degree to which these handicapped lands are worth cultivating, which is in turn an index of the national demand for home-grown food. The process can be seen at its simplest in Galicia, where restrictions on the emigration which once reduced the pressure of population on the soil now compel the peasantry to carry the cultivation-line higher and higher into their sour and healthy hills – a resolute economist would probably find little difficulty in establishing a statistical correlation between the local birthrate and the agricultural contour-ascent. And so, in more sophisticated fashion, it is with us.

NIGEL HARVEY

The Last of the Few

THE English, I suppose, have resigned themselves philosophically to the fact that their débutante daughters will no more be presented at court. But we colonials take it hard. As a Southern Rhodesian girl of Irish extraction whose father had spent 30 years in the service of the English crown, I was selected a summer or two ago for presentation to the Queen. One of the last of the few, in fact.

My mother was thrilled but understood the necessity of transforming a tom-boy into a 'suitable young lady'. I had run bare-foot in the veld and gone out camping on horseback with a single native servant. Now I was to be thrust into hobble skirts and high-heeled shoes, in which I could walk only with difficulty, and change into something more comfortable only upon the rare occasions when I escaped from the vigilant eye of my sponsor, a titled lady whose job it was to see that I arrived ultimately at Buckingham Palace in a perfectly groomed condition. I was packed off to an exclusive finishing school in England, to be drilled for a year in deportment, elocution and social etiquette.

Some of the English girls at the school – not on the short list for the next year's presentation – did not take kindly to my arrival. This was mainly because of the methods of selection for the court. Back home, I was regarded as 'selected from birth' – like an entry for the Derby or Eton. The formalities consisted merely in supplying on application the following personal details: (a) particulars of my father's service; (b) ancestry; (c) name of sponsor and places where I should be staying when in England; (d) an affirmation that neither of my parents had been divorced.

It will be seen that in (a), (b) and (d) particulars were furnished by the candidate of circumstances over which she had no control. The court made no inquiries of the work done by the prospective débutante, her character, ambitions and philosophy of life. A series of factors over which she might have some control was covered by (c). It could be summed up by the word *entrée* – and was vitally important in assessing the candidate's prospects.

Had I come over to England as a working girl to further my profession as a teacher, it is unlikely that I should have been picked, no matter how 'presentable' I might have been in other ways. I know one prospective deb who studied for two years in a domestic science college; for two years she was omitted from selection. In the third year, she took the hint and enrolled at an academy for young ladies with a Royal Highness as patroness. The much-desired gold-embossed invitation from the Lord Chamberlain duly arrived.

Neither did unvarnished wealth carry any weight in court circles. There was the daughter of a maize king – a maize princess – who came over in the boat with me. She was not presented; although one could not meet a more charming girl, it is improbable that she ever would have been presented. The hands which actually handle the lucre which fills the imperial coffers should never touch the royal palm.

I find English girls strongly, if parochially, patriotic – a trait which expresses itself in wearing the Union Jack on St Patrick's Day: they will queue for hours for a glimpse of the Queen. In the Dominions, we respect the Queen as head of the Commonwealth, but we do not share this devotion to an Anglo-Saxon divinity. The person of the Queen is respected and admired, but is not sacrosanct. I did not hesitate to express my views. It distressed these English girls that a colonial should be so privileged as to be presented at court – and so *blasée*.

Another cause for friction was the liberty allowed the deb in comparison with other pupils. The school gate shut at 10 p.m., by which time everybody had to be indoors except those to whom the principal permitted a key – a concession which was granted only on special occasions and which some girls never obtained for the whole term. As a deb, I had my season to do: dinners, balls, Epsom, Ascot, Henley, Wimbledon. Nothing cultural, like the opera; nothing to crease those pretty foreheads. We came and went as we chose, and by the end of the year the atmosphere of frustration among the less fortunate was extremely intense.

The school superintendent was a martinet whose vocation was the grooming of unruly colonials into 'suitable young ladies'. For 12 guineas a week, we slept two to a single room, and the food might have been a sample from a medieval castle: rough-hewn and half-cold. All the courses at a meal were consumed from a single plate. Nor were the fundamentals of hygiene neglected for the instruction of Her Majesty's prospective acquaintances. A notice went up: 'Baths every second day – by order', with the remarkable footnote: 'You have an obligation to your neighbours.' At first I accepted this as a hint to restrict my daily bathing habit in the interests of water

IN SEARCH OF TRUTH

A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT must travel light, think fast, and sleep with his ear pressed to the ground. He must turn in quick, accurate reports. And he must have the born expositor's gift of making the most intricate crisis intelligible to readers with no first-hand knowledge of the politics or the personalities behind it.

James Cameron early mastered these basic requirements. But to the technical proficiency of an expert commentator he adds personal qualities of integrity, perception and sympathy. It is these which lift his dispatches out of the rut of ordinary reporting and give them a significance, a relevance that is instantly comprehensible to the man in the street.

Given a deerstalker hat and meerschaum pipe, Cameron would resemble the popular image of Sherlock Holmes. He has a Holmesian power of analysis and deduction, too. But he is after much bigger game. Cameron tracks down the men who lead nations to folly or glory, the ideas and feelings that sway the world, and influence its balances of power.

About these, and about those who suffer from their effects, Cameron writes with compassion, satire, sympathy and humour.

His vocabulary has no room for ambiguity. His ethics do not include cant, humbug or hypocrisy. Compromise is as foreign to his nature as false or biased reporting. He was prepared to throw up good posts on a matter of principle.

Yet he is living proof that a man of principle need not necessarily be a narrow, humourless bigot. His warm personality (shaped by a boyhood in Brittany, a tough apprenticeship in Dundee, and many years of wandering all over the world) is one of the reasons why he has such a host of friends inside and outside Fleet Street.

Apart from his professional work in journalism, he has also written two entertaining travel books, and made many appearances on radio and TV. On the air he has delighted (and infuriated) millions with his commanding personality. But it is in his newspaper dispatches that the real James Cameron emerges most clearly.

For here are the views of a man who knows what he is talking about—and means it with all his heart.

A newspaper is as good as the people who write for it

News Chronicle

conservation: actually it was meant as a corrective to the Anglo-Saxon's indigenous resistance to bathing more than once a week.

The superintendent conducted us, cane in hand, while we rolled eurhythmically on the floor and cavorted with books on our heads. Etiquette consisted in more than knowing how to address the widow of an Anglican bishop or seat the second son of a duke at a dinner table. Hair was worn short this season; earrings were *de trop* – as were, needless to say, slacks. Men with beards, with the exception – supposedly – of the Queen's grandfather, were 'not permitted'. The chief ritual was making-up. It started before breakfast in front of an array of rouge and powder pots and ended at bed-time with the face smeared in cream. My inspired guess is that the English aristocracy hold shares in a cosmetics group. On the day of days, I emerged from the court beautician looking like a character from *Teahouse of the August Moon.* The taxi crawled for two hours up the Mall. We were admitted by flunkies in red and gold through a series of rooms which were artificially lighted by a yellowy glow – albeit it was only two in the afternoon. The Lord Chamberlain had a distinguished, soldierly bearing and his twirled-up moustache added to his appearance as a circus ringmaster. He clapped his hands, telling us to keep our mouths shut, and a procession of 200 of the most eligible young ladies in the British Commonwealth moved dutifully forward to face their goddess.

When at last my turn came, I went down on my right knee to the Queen. She inclined her head with a half-smile. I went on and dropped on my left knee to the Duke. He looked hard; there was a twinkle in his eye. He did not look as if the monotony of the ceremony was depressing him. The garden party which followed had about 8,000 guests and was packed with girls who had been invited to the party, but were not presented and so had not seen the Queen. So the Queen's entry was a signal for a rush forward, resembling the thrust of the crowd at a race meeting as the field hits the straight. In the upsurge of semi-debutantes, some fell to the ground, while the sturdier elbowed their way to the tops of chairs and tables. The royal party was composed of the Queen, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Devonshire (who was the Queen's lady-in-waiting), the Duke and two male courtiers. The Queen Mother talked and smiled freely to those about her. Princess Margaret never left her mother's side and talked to no one. The Queen spoke to no one except ambassadors' daughters who were presented.

After the royal party had consumed tea, watched by the guests, they walked down two lines formed by the crowd. The Queen smiled at those on her side; the Duke, balding and self-assured, smiled at people on both sides, stopping at any girl who took his fancy and complimenting her. The Queen walked ahead three paces, turned and looked back at the Duke until he had stopped dallying.

After it all, we came back into civilisation. 'This must have been the greatest day of your life,' said a reporter; 'Would you like to make a statement for the papers back home?' I thought of the chicken-headed debs, their undignified bustling and stampeding, the dull chatter of their highbred escorts and the trappings which gave the appearance, even to an 'unruly colonial', of a *parvenu* court. I thought of a frightened, rather frustrated lady and her husband, who was the only personality present and had been trying to combat with humour the tedium of the proceedings. Then I thought of my mother, sitting at home 8,000 miles away, gazing through an album which contained photographs of my father with his friend, King George VI. I thought of the £2,000 spent to float my court presentation and the well-meaning, conscientious assistance of the crowd of earnest people who surrounded the Queen.

I put on my best smile. 'The Queen was radiant in blue', I replied.

I. Robinson

The Arts and Entertainment

Five Ways of Looking at a Tree

You are lying on the grass in the sun. Above you is a beech tree. A slight wind lifts the lighter branches and turns the leaves. From a distance this constant movement of the leaves makes it look as if green snow is falling in front of the tree's green surface – just as once silvery snow seemed to fall in front of the grey cinema screens.

Through half-closed eyes you gaze up. They are half-closed because you are watching intently. One bough extends further than the others. It is impossible to count the number of leaves on it. The blue sky which you see through and around these leaves is like the whiteness of paper round the letters of words. The distribution of the leaves against the sky seems far from arbitrary. You find yourself wondering whether it might not be possible to explain their sequence as one can explain the sequence of letters and words in a book. Then you discover an image which, like a good teacher, gives direction to your confused thinking. Everything – you begin to say to yourself – in order to achieve existence at all, must pierce the very centre of a target; anything which misses that centre simply does not exist. But a teacher's words after he has gone often prove a disappointment. So you are left puzzling how the bough above you can be said to represent the entire Spring. . . . Thinking like this you may be a philosopher, but I don't think you're a painter.

You are lying with your head on your carefully folded jacket. The tree, you calculate, must be a good sixty feet tall. Can you discover any buds? You screw up your eyes. There are none left. Things must be at least a fortnight further advanced than at home. It's lower, of course, and protected by the Downs. Then you try to see if you can distinguish the inconspicuous flowers. The bough is too high and the light is too bright. You remember that during famines men ate beech fruit. After all, the beech belongs to the same family as the sweet chestnut; and pigs are turned into beech woods in the autumn. But then pigs eat anything. Your eye travels along the bough. Its shape is like the outline of a horse's hind leg seen from the side. You are becoming sleepy, but as you look up you imagine throwing a rope over that bough. You are no longer thinking, you are drifting, and your eyes are almost shut. Yet the palms of your hands and insides of your knees go tense at the memory of your climbing along such twisting branches as a child. For you the parts of the tree are there to master in one way or another. . . . But what of the tree?

Idly and every so often you close your eyes. Then the image of the pattern of the leaves remains for a moment before it fades, imprinted on your retina, but now deep red, the colour of the darkest rhododendron. When you re-open your eyes the light is so brilliant that you have the sensation of it breaking against you in waves, reminding you of how small an island you are in the grass. You are aware of the children playing around you, and by some association too quick for you to notice – although you will remember it in retrospect – you marvel at how many birds a tree can hide. At dusk, when a man approaches, a flock of forty or fifty starlings can scatter upwards from a single may tree to circle the sky once more; like painted birds on a fan suddenly opened and then slowly shut again. The tree is full of incidents, imagined and remembered. But for you, above all, this tree exists in time, and its size and its green-ness and the reasoning of the man who originally planted it, no less than the reasoning of the man who may order it to be felled, all remind you of this fact. Suddenly you notice that the sky is not a uniform blue. There, above the tree, is a vertical streak of paler blue, branching out at its top end in several directions. In fact, it's rather like a tree itself, you say. Then you watch it change into a lion's head. . . . You are using your eyes – like a poet perhaps; but not like a painter.

You lie there. You can smell the grass. You are more than usually conscious of the warmth of the sun. You have the sensation that you are stretched across the world and so can feel the curve of the earth. Nothing about the tree surprises you. You look at it as an actor may look at the auditorium. And your drama? Your arm is round another waist; a hand strokes through your hair. You may be anybody, but at the moment you see the tree as only a lover sees it. The tree is an X marking a spot for you both.

You do not look. What sense is there in lying down if you still have to use your eyes? You half listen to the wind. The leaves sound like sand being tipped. When you wake you look up very warily. You see green, blue, green mixed with dirt, white. The green has taken every trace of yellow out of the blue. That fact is certain. Everything else is confused. Without concentrating very hard and, as if with your hands, you begin to sort out what you can see. Imitating the skill of the flowersellers who know exactly which sprig to put with which, you learn to distinguish the swags of foliage, allotting each to its own branch and to its own proper position in space. You begin to test the angles of the branches, like a fitter, not like a mathematician. You do your best to belittle that tree: to reduce it to a tangible size and simplicity. You close your eyes again. But now you are concentrating. You are thinking of your own painting. How can it adapt itself to admit such a tree? How can it keep such a tree in its proper place? Gradually you are able to imagine it appearing in your painting. Yet at the moment it is scarcely more than a sign made with your own fingers like the church, steeple and the parson. But you are no lumberjack: you can't transport trees and roll them. Nor can you plant them in your soil from seeds. When you open your eyes to look at the actual tree you try your hardest to see it as you have just imagined your painted tree. But you can't. It remains there towering against the sky. You belittle it again. Close your eyes once more. Adapt the tree that belongs to your painting. Open and check. It is closer, but the beech still towers and shimmers above you. Again. And so you may lie until it is dark . . . and be a painter.

* * *

One of the leading English contemporary landscape painters, Ivon Hitchens, has an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries.

John Berger

Parsifal

'It's not very exciting, is it?' Overheard during an interval at the première of Covent Garden's new production of *Parsifal* last week, the remark was intended as a comment on the work itself – of all operas perhaps the most minutely and consistently stimulating to ear and nerves. Yet one could sympathise only too easily with a *Parsifal* novice who found his initiation disappointing last Friday. Neither the respectful production of Herbert Graf nor the high average level of the singing could compensate for a certain tameness in the musical interpretation. Since the customary 'excitements' of drama lie wholly in the music of *Parsifal*, while the stage action hardly does more than express the ritualistic function of the work, an interpretation of this kind upsets the balance. It is impossible to judge what Wagner meant to convey by that amazing equilibrium if one weighs the poem *before* the music, or indeed, apart from it – as Nietzsche did. If we forget that all great music is great action, *Parsifal* will appear static. It is true that the poem lacks the mighty events, the plots, counterplots, suspense and characterisation of earlier Wagnerian drama. But by concentrating on the ancient idea of drama as a hieratic presentation of successive 'states of affairs' – in other words, scenes divorced from action and offered only for their pathetic content – Wagner reduced his characteristic dramatic method to its purest form. It is a complete misrepresentation of his aims to say that the musical invention of *Parsifal* 'humanises' the allegorical figures in the play. If that were possible or desirable, Wagner might just as well have used a conventional opera plot – or, conversely, the post-Handelian opera need never have evolved as it did.

We cannot, and we are not expected to, react to the guilt of Amfortas as we do to the fate of Tristan and Isolde. The definition of character and event in *Parsifal* is not in any sense realistic, and to pretend that the music somehow makes them so is to commit oneself to a kind of naive fundamentalism. For once, there is a *direct* involvement of the theatre audience with the music, and from there the interest is carried towards concept, not towards character. Even more than any previous Wagner opera, *Parsifal* aspires to the condition of absolute music. Hearing it, we can understand why Wagner so wished to go on to compose a Symphony. Cheated of that by Wagner's death, we can derive consolation from the opera.

The musical organism of *Parsifal* is marked by a continual and complex activity that presupposes a relatively slow tempo of dramatic movement. A musical statement is varied, developed or contrasted almost as soon as it is made. The most complex passages do not necessarily coincide with the points of dramatic climax, and the compression of motifs by combination, dovetailing or immediate juxtaposition brings about a greater density of diverse images than one finds in any music before Wagner.

All this immeasurably increases the responsibility of the conductor. At Covent Garden, Herr Rudolf Kempe proceeds with care and discretion, but not always with the fanatical attention to detail that the music requires. Herr Kempe has been both praised and blamed for his restraint in the interpretation of late-Romantic scores. Question: at what point does the 'restraint' of a *sforzando* obscure the accent altogether? Or again, how far can a dynamic swell be levelled without destroying the intended effect? I doubt if the margin is quite as wide as Herr Kempe would like to think. Restraint is already a dominant characteristic of the music of *Parsifal*, and if even the contrasts are played down, the inner tension of the whole structure is affected. On Friday at any rate, a lack of rhythmic pointing not only softened the strong gestures (such as the *marcato* version of the *reine Thor* motif in the opening scene of the second act) but also caused a loss of impetus in those passages which are nearest to traditional recitative. Herr Kempe's sincere but over-modest approach seemed more appropriate to the easy-flowing and relatively unaccented music of the central part of the second act.

Unhappily, the blurring of the rhythmic line also infected the harmonic life of the performance. There were times when I was uncomfortably reminded of the wicked 'drawing' of Wagner's music in the recently published 'Conversations' between Stravinsky and Robert Craft. The diagram consists of two parallel lines with an indeterminate squiggle between. A good joke in a bad cause, it is very much less appropriate to Wagner himself than to certain Wagner performances which lack contrapuntal clarity. It is hard to believe that anyone hearing *Parsifal* for the first time the other night would have been struck by such things as the beautiful part-writing over an A flat pedal which etches Kundry's serenity as she goes to the water-spring at the beginning of Act 3. At some other points, one even had difficulty in hearing the bass progressions: Stravinsky did at least grant Wagner a bottom line, which is more than he would do for Berlioz!

The new Covent Garden production has many virtues – a good cast headed by Gerda Lammers, Gottlob Frick and Eberhard Waechter, and a production that is faithful, within the limits of a certain visual inelegance. No one will leave the opera house unmoved. Only if piety had been toughened by vigour could more have been achieved.

David Drew

Hurry on Down

Orpheus Descending is a comparatively recent re-write of Tennessee Williams's first full-length play, *Battle of Angels*. It has all Mr Williams's ingredients in the one dish: his early romanticism and later symbolism, the poeticisms of his Rose (Tattoo) period and his later sweatshirt realism. It has, too, all the usual conflicts: decadence and idealism, youth and age, innocence and corruption. And it keeps them up for nearly three hours. If you are a glutton for Mr Williams's work you may never get a more substantial serving. I am not.

Like most of Mr Williams's plays, *Orpheus Descending* is a myth retold in modern terms. A foot-loose guitar player – Gary Cockrell, a kind of Orpheus in Kerouac's clothing – wanders into a decadent but symbolic Southern township which, as Mr Williams justifiably suggests, is the closest thing imaginable to hell on earth. He resists the advances of a wistful, young nymphomaniac, Diane Cilento, but falls for an ageing Eurydice, Isa Miranda. She is the daughter of another wandering minstrel, who had once run a bacchic clip-joint until he was burnt out and killed by the KKK for lack of discrimination (racial). The daughter discovers that her ailing husband has led the attack and she is determined to see him done for. Orpheus waits with her too long and is torn apart.

As a re-telling of the myth, *Orpheus Descending* is extremely ingenious. As a dramatic situation

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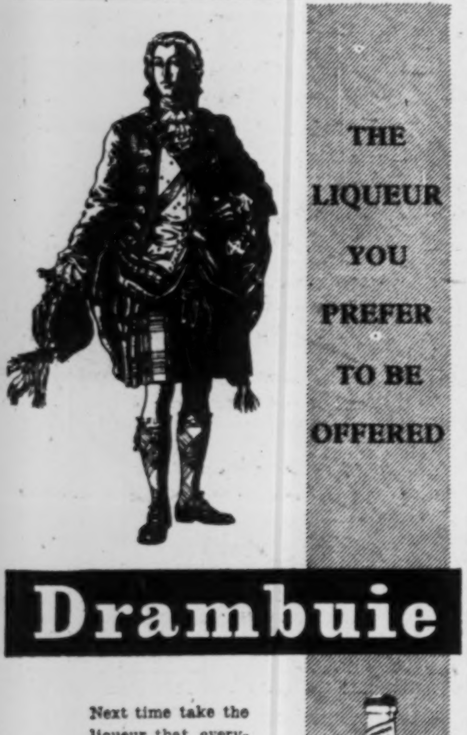
dramatically presented it is extremely effective. Like Anouilh, whom he closely resembles, Mr Williams has a wonderful ear for dialogue and an infallible sense of stage timing. But he has three major faults. First, he has illusions of poetical grandeur; here he lets himself go in two metaphors which are not only extended to the point of tedium, but have also been done better elsewhere: one of them is Baudelaire's albatross, the other the parable of the barren fig tree. For a man who can write at times so wittily – Bee Duffell's visionary eccentric is a beautifully created character – Mr Williams can be paralysingly humourless about his own yearnings. The second fault is his taste for heavy symbolism. No doubt all the best artists are in some degree symbolic. But symbols do their work without being continually jollied along by their creator. Mr Williams, alas, can't leave them alone. He is for ever harping on them, explaining them, as though he had read and, which is worse, believed his most high-flown interpreters. As a result the force of his imagination is sapped by the earnestness of his good intentions. But it is in his values that he goes most haywire. His characters inhabit an A. A. Milne world where 'the cold's so cold and the hot's so hot' – no middle ground between innocence and corruption. The young hero can survive only so long as he remains untouched by love. He flees, disgusted, from the nympho like an outraged young girl; and once he allows himself to be seduced by the ageing wife, he has sinned against his values and is torn apart. Even the nympho admits 'the art of love-making is almost unbearably painful. And yet, of course, I do bear it.' Fundamentally, there is little difference between the moral world of *Orpheus Descending* and that of *Peter Pan*, except that Mr Williams's creed is that of Apartness.

He is not much helped by Tony Richardson's excessively mannered production. Loudoun Sainthill has designed a shrewdly cluttered decor, which sets the tone of decadence and fantasy strongly enough by itself. Instead of playing the action off against it, Mr Richardson has made the play all highlights and glintings and 'movements of darkness on darkness'. It is all very striking, but the broad daylight sense of fact Kazan forces on Mr Williams's work is lacking. At times it was difficult to distinguish an evening in Louisiana from a night on the bare mountain.

The play, however, is well served by its actresses. Miss Isa Miranda as Lady has some trouble with the language, which makes her awkward at times and hard to hear. But she more than makes up for this by her quality of instinctive expressiveness. She can imply more in one look of her sensitive, intelligent and troubled face than in her most elaborate speeches. Miss Diane Cilento also gives an excellent performance as the crazy, mixed-up nympho. She is passionate, yearning, aggressive as required, and sustains all through a touching, urchin-like pride which gives real dignity to an otherwise brash part. Miss Mavis Villiers plays one of the local bitches with an impressively full-blown viciousness.

How Alan Melville could have produced intimate revues as brilliant as the *Sweet and Low* series and also have written *Change of Tune* (Strand) is beyond me. Its only recommendation is the admirable Geraldine McEwen.

A. ALVAREZ



Next time take the liqueur that everyone is drinking. The ancient recipe for Drambuie includes old Scotch whisky, heather honey and delicate herbs.

The Fifth Estate

COHERENT, analytical criticism of the press seems to be a fairly new development. Until the Royal Commission on the Press was set up in 1947 (at the instance of a number of journalist MPs concerned for the standards of their trade), those who didn't swallow whole what their habitual newspaper said did little more than grumble vaguely about the awfulness of most of the papers, and probably assumed that, on the whole, the 'quality' newspapers were fairly dependable – an assumption that had been invalidated by the conduct of *The Times* in the Munich period. Francis Williams's invaluable Fleet Street commentary has been appearing in the NEW STATESMAN for four years; it performs a doubly salutary task – making those who read newspapers more aware of what may lie behind the selection and presentation of what they read, and making those who edit and write for newspapers more conscious of their responsibilities. A similar job is done, for a rather larger public, by the Granada TV programme, *What the Papers Say*. Here, too, by simply holding the newspapers up to the light and contrasting satirically their varying treatment of identical topics, the commentator – while praising what is good – can debunk the pretence that there is any wide observance of Scott's famous dictum.

Uncomfortable as such exposures may be, they are certainly in the public interest. Of two quite common popular attitudes – 'It must be true, it said so in the paper' and 'They only print what they want you to believe' – the latter, though an exaggeration, is the healthier. The more people can be trained to vary their newspaper-reading habits (except the habit of scepticism), the harder it will be for the Persuaders to do their dirty work.

When broadcasting first began, Fleet Street's attitude to the new medium was one of jealous apprehension: it was seriously feared by some that radio would 'kill' the newspapers. The fears were proved groundless, but it may be because of them that the BBC has, on the whole, taken remarkably little cognizance of the press as an institution, a service, and a big concentration of property. Eminent journalists broadcast on sound and TV; *Press Conference* is a TV adaptation of a familiar institution; the BBC's overseas services give adequate summaries of London editorial opinion (and these, because of their impartial presentation of anti- as well as pro-government views, have acquired a high reputation and have also, as at the time of Suez, been attacked by jingoists). But the BBC has never, as it might have done, subjected the press to regular critical comment. There is no reason why it should be afraid to do so: it gets a bad enough press, anyway, when things go wrong, and the existence of such a programme would help to keep the press on its toes.

What could be a modest start in this direction was made in the Home Service on Tuesday last at 7.35 and 8.35 a.m., when – for the first time, so far as the BBC's publicity department knows – there was broadcast a brief survey of that morning's national newspapers: this survey is to be broadcast daily, from Monday to Friday, as an item in the magazine-programme *Today*. The item is prepared by the BBC's news staff, but read by one of five actors or ex-actors, including Noel Johnson (as well-known now to Third Programme listeners as he was once to Dick Barton addicts) and, when he has recovered from a recent accident, Derek Hart, of TV's *Tonight* team.

There was no word of deliberate comment *on* the press in the first edition of this 'quick look at the papers'. There were references to 'the *Daily Telegraph's* main story', to the *Express* cartoon comparing a Notting Hill thug with a Nazi murderer, to the *News Chronicle* interview with R. A. Butler (quoting his epigram that 'we must make the punishment fit the *criminal*'), and to 'two sporting achievements that make the headlines'. The process of selection had been honestly carried out, but it is a process that is not compatible with absolute objectivity; and I hope that, if the new feature is a success (and it can be even more of a time-saver for busy people than the BBC's news-bulletins themselves), its scope will be extended and that those preparing it will increasingly leave straight reporting to the bulletins and the now-frequent news-flashes and will not hesitate to praise newspapers for creditable scoops or feature of real value, and to damn them when they scavenge in the gutter or publish dishonest propaganda.

TOM DRIBERG

Bandwagon

FROM France comes a plea for painless childbirth – yet another, with Dr Gabin who should be able to turn any woman's pain into pleasure; from our own provinces a clergyman is accused of the kind of thing that gets clergymen into the Sundays; and then from Hollywood we get the sort of film we often think of but rarely get – a tough, appealing farce with stars, satire, and moonshine. Since it is the best we'll take it first.

'In the Chicago of 1929': so it begins, with a hearse creeping through the streets, then chased by a police car, to disappear into the precincts of a funeral parlour which conceals a hard-drinking cabaret behind chapel doors. Soon two musicians (Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis) are on the run from gangsters; and their only escape is, disguised as women, to join a hen band on the train for Florida. Miss Marilyn Monroe is the band's singer, and her adventures with the 'new girls' provide most of the fun in this new Billy Wilder comedy called *Some Like it Hot* (London Pavilion). The female-impersonation business is really very brilliantly done indeed, with Jack Lemmon as the leading partner; his girlishness develops mature and wistful charms that make us almost sad when he has to worm his way out of an engagement to a gay, much-wedded old millionaire. He frolics; he tangoes divinely; he takes very nicely to the party games when 'girls will be girls'. Tony Curtis, spending half his time as a girl and – with escapes down a drainpipe – the other half as a loveless yachtsman, does pretty well too. Miss Monroe is herself, figurative, wan, at the mercy of saxophone players, if not quite so funny as we've known her. The three of them, with the help of gangsters, police, and the girl band keep things on the move, in the sack dresses of the period. This is Hollywood entertainment as it should be.

I'm not so sure about *The Case of Dr Laurent* (Academy). It has the advantage over other films urging women to train themselves away from the traditional labour that it concludes with a good documentary scene of actual childbirth accomplished smiling; but this comes at the end of a very long film which has been persuading us in so many ways that it sweeps in even the opponents in the story so as to make the appeal irresistible. *The Case of Dr Laurent* has the merit of many French regional films, that it introduces us to a village and a whole landscape; and the division among the inhabitants for and against the new ideas follows familiar lines. But then comes the startling revelation of actual birth. The whole propaganda tale doesn't quite coalesce; not that we're inclined to question its medical basis, but as so often, in the good cause we must be melodramatic and over-jolly.

Then our Sunday-paper clergyman. He is in *Serious Charge* (Carlton), a muscular Christian 'framed' with sexual assault on the young Espresso bully. Up to a point this may seem promising; but the provincial town never comes to life, the Espresso bar is always rocking 'n' rolling, the Vicar has a French maid, and drama develops into melodrama. Bit by bit every semblance of reality is given up and staunch performances by Anthony Quayle, Irene Brown and others only delay us in reaching for our hats.

William Whitebait

Back to Grassroots

Prophecy is a risky business in any of the arts, but at least one trend is so unmistakable in jazz today that it is fairly safe to make predictions about it: American jazz musicians are becoming traditionalists. This is a startling musical phenomenon for two reasons. In the first place, American players have, unless very inadaptable, or white, never attached any great value to tradition as such. They have been craftsmen whose technical and competitive interest in their craft has kept their music in fairly constant evolution. It so happened that they were brought up in a certain tradition – for instance, of the blues – and therefore played in it, but they did not cherish it as such. They took it for granted. Conscious traditionalism belonged to critics, to the secondary (collectors, college-boy, intellectual) public for jazz and not to the primary one, and to countries such as Britain in which jazz was the product of the passionate propaganda of collectors and critics. It is in Britain that (according to the recent *Jazz News* readers' poll) the ten most popular native musicians include only three 'modernists'. It was from Britain that Mr Stanley Dance launched his systematic campaign to rehabilitate the 'mainstream' musicians of the Thirties, which has produced the important set of Felsted LPs (Budd Johnson, *Blues à la Mode*, Rex Stewart, *Rendezvous with Rex*, Coleman Hawkins, *The High and Mighty Hawk*, Dickie Wells, *Bones for the King*, and others previously noticed in this column). But what is equally significant is that these records have apparently made far more noise in the USA than they have here, where Hawkins, Wells, Stewart *et al.* have never fallen into such neglect.

In the second place, after the musical revolution of the early Forties, the most advanced players not only neglected tradition but actively combated it; perhaps because for the coloured musicians it represented all that they wanted to put behind them: southern backwardness, ignorance, 'Uncle Tomism'. How else are we to explain the extraordinary underestimate in 'modern' circles of that shady, but most talented man whose major works are once again with us on an RCA LP, *The King of New Orleans Jazz, Jelly Roll Morton*. Few unprejudiced observers will deny that the earlier moderns – for instance, as on the interesting anthology *Anatomy of Improvisation* (Columbia) – are individually better and more interesting players than Morton's Red Hot Peppers; but few will seriously deny that orchestrally their music is far more primitive and unoriginal than his. Moreover, for a long time the evolutionary tendency of modern jazz was consciously anti-traditional: from 'hot' to 'cool', from Gillespie and Parker to Miles Davis and Lee Konitz, who makes up for his shockingly poor British appearances last year by the elegant inventiveness of his work on London LTZ-K 15147.

All this is changed. The old-fashioned heat has slowly melted the ice of even the coolest cats. Its controlled glow may be seen again on what will clearly be one of the best records of 1959, and quite possibly contains one of the few score tracks by which the reputation of jazz will stand or fall: Miles Davis's *Milestones* (Philips); a record memorable for the beautiful long, veiled arias of Miles Davis's Bix-like trumpet, for the marvellous drumming of Philly Joe Jones, for at least one perfect solo by John Coltrane (tenor), the legato embroidery of Cannonball Adderley (alto) and the irresistible tact, swing and enjoyment of Red Garland (piano). The search for red-blooded jazz explains the rise to a perhaps slightly excessive fame of the tenor Sonny Rollins, whose *Sonny Rollins and the Big Brass* (MGM) – not his best – has curiosity value. For it contains probably the only extant modern jazz version of *If you were the only girl in the world*.

These tendencies are not new: the return of the blues, the infiltration of gospel song into jazz (yet another record, with a characteristically poor sleeve-note is now before us in *Newport Spiritual Stars* on London) will be familiar to readers of this column. What is new is the return to a *traditionalist* treatment of traditional themes. That is the significance of the backward glances cast at Dixieland by such white modernists as Mulligan and Brookmeyer, or of records like Herb Ellis's *Nothing But the Blues* (Columbia). (The record contains not only old-fashioned blues played the old-fashioned way, but, more amazing, old New Orleans standards like *Tin Roof Blues* and *Royal Garden Blues*.) And that is perhaps also the significance of Chris Barber's remarkable success on his recent American tour. British critics have long sneered at the Barber band: the American ones received it with respect. Admittedly we have better Dixieland bands than the Americans. But there is more to it than this. Can it be that modern American players can now stand far enough away from the uneducated and politically deplorable pioneers of their art to recognise their achievements, without being distracted by their – and its – deficiencies?

Francis Newton

Correspondence

THE NOTTING HILL TROUBLES

Sir, – Mr Herbert Hill in writing of his impressions of Notting Hill says he was struck by the absence of any vigorous and sensitive mobilisation of concern on the part of liberal minded people. He makes it clear that he had time only to make a quick investigation of conditions in this district, which no doubt explains what would otherwise be an extraordinary statement.

In fact both before and after the troubles of last autumn, very many people and groups of various persuasions have been exceedingly active in trying to create better relations and to reduce the causes of tension both collective and individual.

Particularly active has been the institute for Group and Society Development which has held a successful course for training voluntary community workers, mainly, but not exclusively, coming from the West Indies and now living in Notting Hill. This has taken place every Sunday since the autumn, and has now been followed by a second course with weekday sessions. The Christmas party, where the West Indian community acted as hosts to several hundred local children, with the co-operation of the Institute and the 'Stars Campaign for Inter Racial Friendship', was

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SHEFFIELD
Friends Meeting House, Hartshead.
May 25, 7.30 p.m.
SCIENTISTS ON TRIAL
Dr. T. Kaiser (Physicist)
Dr. E. V. Rowsell (Biochemist)

LEE
Lochaber Hall, Manor Lane, S.E.13. May 26
7.30 p.m.
Dr. Don Arnott

PETERSFIELD
Town Hall May 28 7.45 p.m.
Cdr. Sir Stephen King-Hall

COVENTRY
Friends Meeting House, Hill Street. May 29
7.30 p.m.
Dr. Don Arnott
Pat Arrowsmith
E. A. Roberts
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highly successful. Plans are advanced for the holding of a Good Will week in Notting Hill in July, and negotiations are in progress for the setting up of a community centre. Local residents of all communities together with the Friends Work Camp Committee are working out schemes for an adventure playground in the district, and the decorating of old people's homes. The current applications to the local Rent Tribunal, mentioned by Mr Hill, have been the combined effort of many of us with a concern in the area.

This description is not intended to suggest that Notting Hill has solved its problems. There is very much more to be done, and those of us already active in the area would welcome help from others equally concerned, who might care to get in touch with the Institute for Group and Community Development, Wilberforce House, 15 North Side, SW4.

Finally I should like to emphasise that all the projects described, and many others, are the product of co-operation between the various communities of this cosmopolitan area.

Donald Chesworth

The County Hall
SE1

Sir, – In a passing reference to the social welfare and other bodies that have sprung up among Negroes in Notting Hill since the riots of last September, Mr Herbert Hill, in your issue of 9 May, refers to 'one of which calls itself the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured Peoples of Great Britain'. The scorn is lightly veiled, but I cannot account for it except to suggest that perhaps the existence of a West Indian organisation in London, unaffiliated to but with a name almost identical with that of the Negro-white body in America of which Mr Hill is Labour Secretary, may have been a tepid source of embarrassment to him.

Mr Hill then goes on to say: 'Among these groups I was fascinated to find a burst of activity by the Garvey movement, an extremely chauvinist Negro group, currently led by the widow of Marcus Garvey'. To say that extreme chauvinism is or ever was the aim of the Garvey movement is a gross simplification and is quite misleading. The battle-cry of the Negro mass movement which my late husband and I founded in Jamaica, and which attained its highest degree of popularity in America during the 1920s (and not 'in the depression years', as Mr Hill would have it) was one which has now become quite respectable: 'Africa for the Africans'. But I do not know where Mr Hill has got his facts from. I can assure him, however, that the only organisation with which the widow of Marcus Garvey is connected is the Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, of which she is president. Furthermore, if Mr Hill had taken the trouble to consult me or any of the other officers of our association he would have discovered that, though at present a Negro group exclusively, we are far from chauvinistic in our outlook, or in our aims.

Amy Ashwood Garvey

1 Bassett Road
W10

Sir, – One effect of the influx of Puerto Ricans to New York has been the social upgrading of the Negro. Reading Mr Thompson's letter in your last issue prompts me to reflect that something similar is happening in Notting Hill. I remember Talbot Road some years ago when we, the Irish, held it for the greater glory of God and the County Associations against all comers. Our behaviour, I daresay, was quite outrageous, our obscenities were terrifying, and we provoked many irate letters to the press. With the advent of a new sub-proletariat, however, all that has changed; socially, it would seem, we have arrived.

I was considerably cheered therefore to find on a recent visit to Talbot Road that there still exist pockets of native resistance. The one or two spindly girls offering their services on the doorsteps were solid home-spun Irish, as were the drunken monoliths brawling outside the pub. As for Mr Thompson's marijuana parties – alas! the only basement club I did visit seemed to offer nothing more orgiastic than Pepsi-Cola.

All of which leads me to believe that a re-allocation of status is long overdue. Could not Mr Thompson raise a hue and cry on our behalf? Or would that be calling his bluff?

Patric D. MacFadden

11 Porchester Sq.
W2

Sir, – In your issue of 9 May it was suggested that I have 'engaged in overt racial provocations'. This statement is entirely untrue. Further, your correspondent must have known it. A letter from me had been published in *The Times* five days previously, stating *inter alia* that we had circulated to every house in North Kensington an appeal to settle this problem by 'votes, not violence'. I challenge you to quote a single sentence spoken or written by me concerning the coloured population which can possibly be described as overt racial provocation.

Oswald Mosley

14 Cheyne Walk, SW3

[As a matter of fact, our correspondent did not assert that Mosley had personally 'engaged in overt racial provocations': he wrote 'the Mosley group has engaged in overt racial provocations, and it is appealing to the most backward and racialist elements among the whites'. The facts are that gangs of Fascists, who proclaim their support of Mosley and whose activities he does not appear to denounce, are at work in North Kensington, advocating in extreme terms the separation of the black and white communities by the 'repatriation' of Negro people to their countries of origin – whatever that may mean. (This is putting the most flattering possible interpretation on the rationality of their propaganda.) Every decent and reputable organisation in the district, including the churches and the local authority, is trying by every means to help the two communities to live together in harmony. By working in the opposite direction, the Fascists are, by definition, making trouble. Since their method of propaganda is to direct a stream of innuendo against the Negroes, and since their proposals would, at best, mean discriminating between British citizens on the basis of colour, their activities are very moderately described as 'overt racial provocation' – especially so in a district where, regardless of race, there has long been a tendency towards violence and gang fighting. It is true that both Mosley and his followers make a point of publicly deprecating the use of violence (thus making it difficult for the police to prosecute them for incitement to breach of the peace); but the mere repetition of an incantation against violence is not enough to cancel out the inflammatory effect of their overtly provocative words on the young hoodlums who are deceived by them. – Ed., *NS*.]

INDIA AND TIBET

Sir, – I have only now seen Mr Martin's 'Reflections on Tibet' in the New Statesman of 11 April in which, among other things, he finds it odd that, in a short wireless discussion and a longish article in the *Observer*, I did not mention the Younghusband expedition of 1904. There was nothing calculated in that; nor did I suggest, as Mr Martin implies, that the Chinese invasion of 1950 was the first time the quiet life of Tibet had been shattered. I was not attempting an outline of Tibetan history. When I do, I shall record the many other occasions when Tibet's peace was disturbed from outside and I shall discuss the 1904 expedition at some length.

Having enjoyed the friendship of Tibetans, monk and lay, important and unimportant, for over 20 years, I am always saddened that there should ever have been bloodshed between British and Tibetans; but I do not agree with those who describe the Younghusband expedition as brutal or unjustified. Tibetans principally remember about it that, unlike the Chinese on previous and later occasions, the British immediately withdrew from Lhasa. 1904 certainly left no such scar on Tibetan memories as did the Chinese invasion of 1910 (it is odd that Mr Martin did not mention that); and it paved the way to a long friendship and a treaty relationship between the British government and Tibet, which brought great advantages to India both before and after 1947. The Chinese have made great play with 1904 as a 'British atrocity' in order to divert attention from what they did to Tibet in 1950 and perhaps also in 1910. Mr Martin seems to be being drawn unwittingly along the same line.

With regard to the Tibetan social and religious system, Edmund Candler's forceful but superficial account needs to be balanced by reference to the views of later visitors, including some who stayed peacefully in the country and learnt the language—such as Sir Charles Bell and Mr David Macdonald. They give a different picture. It is true that many aspects of life in Tibet differ widely from what has been the norm in this country for the last century or so; and many are difficult to understand without some study of the medieval Asian mind. But it is hard to believe that a really oppressive and unpopular regime could produce the appearance of contentment – not just resignation – which so many travellers have reported from different parts of Tibet. It is noteworthy, also, that the Chinese did not find in 1950 the material for a peasant rising in Tibet and even had to postpone their projected social reforms.

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It is rather naive to think that an experienced Tibetan minister would unburden his mind to an itinerant journalist whom he did not know and who did not know his language. In the course of the 14 years before 1950 I saw many changes in Tibet and there would undoubtedly have been many more when the Dalai Lama came of age. More Tibetans than Mr Martin appears to think were aware of the need for change. The tragedy is that they were not left to make their own reforms in their own way.

Mr Martin is magisterially disapproving of critics of Indian neutralism. The difficulties of India's position are obvious; but I see little reason for unqualified admiration of neutralism if, in practice, it means that moral obligations to one's friends are to be forgotten. In the context of Tibet the fruits of Indian neutralism have been the justification of the forcible abolition of the independence of a small people with whom India had not only ties of religion and friendship but also a valid treaty inherited from the British government in 1947 and specifically confirmed with the Tibetan government. This aspect has caused uneasiness in Indian public opinion even though the full extent of the moral obligation is perhaps not common knowledge. Recently, by neutralism, India has won as much abuse from China as if she had earned the moral satisfaction, and perhaps an added degree of respect from the Chinese, by condemning an obvious wrong.

I would rejoice to see India assisting in the restoration of the Dalai Lama and his government on genuine guarantees; but the Chinese attitude gives little hope that they would be prepared to treat Indian mediation as anything but a mouthpiece for their demands. I hope therefore, that no pressure will be put on the Dalai Lama to return to Tibet simply as a means of restoring amity between China and India.

A. E. RICHARDSON

St Andrews

THE DEADLY MIST

SIR, – To judge by the fury of your correspondents anyone would have thought I advocated a teaspoonful of strontium-90 with the morning tea. I agree with Mr Alun Phillips that what we need is a degree of humility on both sides. The sole purpose of my previous letter was to point out that the whole question of the damage done by small quantities of radioactive materials is an extremely complex one on which many scientists disagree. On the other hand I prefer to accept the statements of those who are doing research in this field, such as Dr Janet Vaughan, than those such as Pauling who are not.

So far as I know there is no direct evidence that strontium-90 causes leukæmia in man. Experiments have been done on dogs and cats using amounts of strontium thousands of times greater than those obtained from fall-out and none of an admittedly rather small number contracted leukæmia. Some of them did develop bone cancer, a disease which Mr Jeffrey seems to confuse with leukæmia.

This is not the place for a detailed scientific argument and I do not intend to quote scientific references to jargon-slinging Mr Jeffrey. I mentioned Janet Vaughan's television interview only because many readers must have seen it and heard her views. I might equally well have referred to the excellent work of Miriam P. Finkel on strontium metabolism. Mr Jeffrey would be well advised to read some of the recent work on strontium (a lot has happened since 1957) if he can overcome his prejudices sufficiently to look at the facts dispassionately.

I am as eager as many of your readers to see nuclear weapon tests come to an end and a general reduction in international tension. But are these hysterical attacks the best way of bringing it about? The facts are that harm caused by fall-out is a subject of controversy. It seems likely that some people are harmed by it (although probably not in the way that you suggest). At the most optimistic the risk of harm is zero. At the most pessimistic it is very very small – far smaller possibly than some other risks like living in houses made of granite or wearing trousers. To depend on this rather weak argument or an exaggeration of it seems foolish when there are powerful political, economic and humanistic arguments against the present state of armed peace.

TOM MARGERISON

THE WORLD OF KING SLICKEY

SIR, – Your short sketch of modern Persia in the article 'The World of King Slickey' had numerous falsifications of fact, if not fabrications. The father of the present Shah is passed off as a 'military adventurer'. It is true that he was a usurper, but he obtained his power through the civil service rather than the army, and did a great deal to modernise Iran. The revolution which brought back the Shah is termed as a 'State Department' plot. Perhaps it was Americans who formed and lead the mob that supported the Shah; and perhaps it was capitalist Americans who drew the army to the king. But this does not seem likely. Your article states that there are oppressed minorities in Iran. I belong to a minority, but I have found no oppression.

E. V. ABRAHANIAN

Rugby School
Rugby

TRUNCATED TROLLOPE

SIR, – In his review in your columns of Professor Bradford Booth's book on Trollope, Mr Arthur Mizener accused the Oxford University Press of betrayal in discontinuing the publication of 'the Oxford edition'. The reference was no doubt to the Oxford Illustrated Trollope, although he was in error in suggesting that Professor Bradford Booth's edition of the Trollope Letters was part of that edition. One of your correspondents, Mr H. A. Morrice, has now repeated the charge of betrayal. The facts are as follows.

The Oxford Illustrated Trollope was begun in 1948 when the wartime and early post-war demand for Trollope's works led us to believe that there would be also a fair demand for a library edition handsomely produced and well illustrated. That proved, to our great regret, not to be the case. The *Autobiography* and eight of the novels (making 15 volumes in all) were published between 1948 and 1954, but it had by the latter date became obvious that the project could not be continued without heavy loss. Trollope still sells at a rate exceeding 20,000 volumes a year in our World's Classics series, but there are too few people prepared to pay prices which range from 15s. for one volume to 36s. for two-volume works in a fine library edition. If produced today the books would cost even more

Betrayal is much too violent a word to use. The Oxford University Press publishes many works of intrinsic merit regardless of the financial return, and all profits made by the press are devoted to the publication of scholarly works. It was felt that (since the best of Trollope's work was available in the World's Classics) the proper course was to divert to such purposes the money that would otherwise have been expended upon producing the rest of an extensive edition de luxe, the larger part of which would have remained unsold in our warehouse.

JOHN BROWN

Oxford University Press. *Publisher*

OSBORNE AND LEHRER

SIR, – Feeling no sympathy for the targets of John Osborne's satirical fly-swatter, I none the less take exception to Mr Alvarez's defence of *Slickey*. The play is, he says, not dull. There is probably no arguing about dullness: if you're not bored, you're not bored. But to what if not dullness does Mr Alvarez's catalogue of deficiencies add up? The play is, he says, 'in places obvious', 'incoherent', '*much* too long', in two unrelated styles; the music is 'empty', the words 'not good enough', the choreography without relation to the plot; the actors all shout in 'monotonous musical comedy voices'. All this is apparently compensated for in Mr Alvarez's book by Mr Osborne's 'continual, compulsive eloquence'. As I sat through the show, 'compulsive' came to my mind, too, but not 'eloquence'.

There is, as I've said, no arguing such matters. Mr Alvarez was for some reason not bored. But one can't help wondering if he didn't *in retrospect* find *Slickey* entertaining simply because the daily press found it dull. I often think that the highbrow weeklies would indict more effectively if they were less doctrinaire in their disagreement with the low- and middle-brow dailies.

Where Mr Alvarez shows his hand is in his suggestion that Mr Osborne should take a brief from Tom Lehrer. This may, of course, be a case of transatlantic misapprehension. To an American counterpart of an adult reader of the NEW STATESMAN, Tom Lehrer's 'invention and wit' seem as original and as trenchant as, say, the humour of a fairly lively undergraduate musical.

WILLIAM ROSE

117 Sloane Street, SW1

ROSE MACAULAY

SIR, – It has been decided to make a collection of the letters of my cousin, the late Dame Rose Macaulay, for publication as a book, and I have been asked by Miss Jean Macaulay, her sister and executor, and also by a number of her friends, to undertake the editing of the book, which will be published by Messrs Collins.

I am planning to concentrate primarily on letters to friends with whom she was in regular correspondence, even if only over a short period, but I would be very glad to see individual letters that are of special interest or which illuminate any particular aspect of Rose Macaulay's character.

I shall be most grateful for the loan of any such letters, and they should be sent to 22 Millington Road, Cambridge. They will be treated with great care and returned to the senders after copies have been made.

CONSTANCE BABINGTON SMITH

ENCOUNTER

USUALLY in this space we feature four or five items from the current **ENCOUNTER** which we think will particularly interest *N.S.* readers. The June issue (just out) is so packed with good things that we can only set them out like this:

Edmund Wilson: " Legend and Symbol in *Doctor Zhivago*," a fascinating piece of literary detection. **C. P. Snow:** " The Two Cultures "—his much-discussed Rede lecture given at Cambridge this month. **Andrew Boyd:** "Moscow Notebook." **Laurie Lee:** " Grannies in the Wainscot "—autobiography. **Caroline Freud:** " Portrait of the Beatnik " (Man, how cool can you get?). **Walter Laqueur:** " The Revolution in Iraq." **Raymond Williams:** " Arguing about Television." **W. H. Auden:** on Arendt's *The Human Condition*. **Edwin Muir:** two haunting poems from his last notebook. **Philip Larkin:** a new long poem.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Mild and Bitter

THE death cult or the life cult, Mexico or Peru, Aztec, Maya, or the tribes of the Inca empire? After his distinguished book on Mexico, Mr George Woodcock has moved down to Peru*:

> In the Andes we were far less conscious of the presence of death than we had been in Mexican towns; macabre scenes were exceptional and for that reason memorable. . . . Rather one is impressed by a kind of blind urge that struggles within [the Andean Indian] like a mole towards the sun, an obstinate insistence on survival in that rigorous mountain world by which his mind and his body are conditioned and confined.

The Aymara and the Quechua are the Tibetans of South America. Race, and living at ten to fifteen thousand feet, give them the swollen-faced appearance of wooden dolls who can trot but not walk, who roll about like balls when they are drunk – which they very often are – and who, under bowler, trilby or white basin hats, wear the baggagy clothes the Spaniards insisted upon in the sixteenth century. Mexican literature insists on the love of violence; the Andean Indians seem docile pack animals, stupefied, good-natured, anxious in their timid, twittering, chuckling way to obey, please or avoid. They occasionally laugh.

The colonial Spanish corner of South America on the Pacific side, and especially in Peru, shares with the old Portuguese part of Brazil the distinction of having a past. There is more than the taunting cliché of the great and elusive South American future to think about. Locked in by the Andes, the countries of the Pacific coast have had a long period of stagnation. Where the Creole population in the towns of the interior is not feudal, it has the provinciality of people who are, in Mr Woodcock's phrase, perpetual colonisers. The Argentinians regard Peruvians as comical as Victorians. In Peru, their wealth – when they are rich – is fantastic, harsh and splendid. Lima was always a city of nabobs; that life is now shared with the American-capitalised exploiting class who pull down old Lima and run up the office blocks and the pretty suburbs and schools. Forty families rule Peru; Lima has a considerable university and a substantial educated class. The manners remain Spanish of the friendliest, idlest and most obstructively conservative kind and Mr Woodcock soon discovered during his journeys the maddening conventionality inherited from Spain – the list of things that can't be done for fear of losing caste. Manual labour is out. It is not done to carry parcels. A whole area of petty bureaucracy belongs to the lower middle class *mestizo* or *cholo*. The class system is racial and is far stricter in Peru than in any South American country; but it is a portent that Peru's last military dictator, the reactionary General Odria who is now out, was a *cholo*.

Peru has many passable roads and one spectacular railway that rises by the switchback system into the Andes. Mr Woodcock stayed a short time in Lima and did the right thing by going to Cuzco and Machu Picchu; but most of the time he was travelling cross-country in local buses and he saw people with uncommon intimacy. Writers on Peru are usually so spellbound by the past that they ignore the present and, above all, fail to describe this spectacular country; indeed, well-written description which conveys the effect of townspeople and landscape on a sensitive mind, is dying out in our literature as photography and specialised fact-hunting takes its place. Mr Woodcock is a grave and eager descriptive writer who can put an enormous landscape on paper and keep it alive and wonderful for its own sake. Nowhere else have I read an account of the Andes so continuously good, so aware of the changing, mask-like quality of the mountains, so observant of its detail. A town like Huancayo is caught with a comment that is fundamental. There is not very much to say about Peruvian towns:

> Huancayo, as we saw it then, was a town of wide, dusty streets lined with plain two-storied buildings, heavy-eaved, with open balconies below which the shops receded darkly; the general effect was one of mountain austerity such as one encounters in some towns of the Pyrenees. Here and there the grubby whitewash of the walls still caught the rays of the falling sun and threw them back in dazzling patches of light. But in the shadows we shivered for the air at 11,000 feet is so thin that cold bites sharply as soon as the light ceases to fall. . . . Life follows an almost Indian rhythm, even for those who are not Indians, and day gets into swing soon after dawn reaches its peak at noon and dwindles by sunset. It is a matter of climate rather than culture; one learns quickly in the Sierra why the Andeans worshipped the sun.

And why the Andean evening is intolerably boring, empty and melancholy.

Travel in Peru is cheap, if nothing else is, and Mr Woodcock was enterprising. He took life as it came. He went over the Andes into the tropics, he came back to the fantastic desert, he saw the mountain mines. He studied the witch-doctors' cures in the Indian markets, he risked any kind of food and when he went down with South American dysentery it was mild and was traceable to the food of the good hotels, not to the dirty places he and his wife found themselves in. Politics depressed him, for those Peruvians who were relieved that Odria and his police spies had gone were not convinced that the long repression was really at an end. *Latifundia* and the boss system are permanent evils and politics move by unseemly deals. Mr Woodcock's great virtue is that he is an educated traveller, going his own way, learning and seeing, not pretending to an intimacy or knowledge where he did not have them, never superficial in the jaunty know-all way of the rapid traveller who has been fed on booklets. He is never boring and he has the art of putting his travels before us, hour by hour. One *hears* the Pacific crashing for 2,000 miles along the shore of the strange Pacific desert; one sees the mountain masks. I have only one quarrel. He despises Cuzco because American tourists are dumped there every day. It's a bad reason. All the tourists in the world can't ruin that fabulous little place. Anyway half of them are ill on arrival; in that scanty air, there will never be any night life. All I recall was a Chamber of Commerce meeting.

M. A. t'Serstevens is a French writer who travelled for ten months very widely in Mexico and came to the conclusion that the theory of the death-cult had been grossly overdone by foreign and Mexican intellectuals. His book briefly sets out the racial history of Mexico in an orderly way, goes on to a light but penetrating study of life in Mexico City, and afterwards takes to the road. He is a traveller with a good, gay eye, he shows one impartially the best or the wretched, and he combs the country very thoroughly; but he remains very French and detached in his condescending way – except to Indian craftsmanship – and he is rather too determined not to be taken in. Since he has no strong descriptive bent his book is more agreeable than it is impressive. So the odd observations stick in the mind, not the general picture: that Mexican meals are almost always bad and – for all classes – inadequate in quantity. The Mexicans are always eating snacks and until one meets the Chinese on the Pacific side one never gets a square meal that tastes of anything. He notices that cross-roads are rare; that noise is perpetual and theft so common that police reproach the robbed rather than the robber. He has no high opinion of traditional Mexican architecture, Spanish architecture having passed its great moment when the Colonials copied it with inferior craftsmen as best they could. (This is a hard saying, but, except in Portuguese Brazil, I believe it is generally true in South America, too. Earthquakes easily topple the Baroque belfries to the ground: they were made of adobe.) He notes also how the basic Spanish vice of handsome and dignified incuriosity has been transported to the New World, so that Mexicans were usually ignorant about their country. The Indian – with his reputation for being hostile, sombre and impenetrable – M. t'Serstevens found, on the contrary, devoted, sensitive and faithful. He is rather Feydeau-ish about Mexican polygamy.

Sudden murder is the Mexican risk. Too many people carry revolvers. Too many people get killed or injured at fiestas. This has left its mark on modern Mexican writers. The Mexican number of *Evergreen Review* has a rhetorical and mystical essay on the subject by Octavio Paz:

> The word death is not pronounced in New York, in Paris, in London, because it burns the lips. The Mexican, in contrast, is familiar with death, jokes about it, caresses it, sleeps with it, celebrates it; it is one of his favourite toys and his most steadfast love. . . . We are seduced by death. The fascination it exerts over us is the result, perhaps, of our hermit-like solitude, and

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* *Incas and Other Men.* By GEORGE WOODCOCK. *Faber.* 25s.

Mexico: Three-Storeyed Land. By A. T'SERSTEVENS. *Hutchinson.* 35s.

The Eye of Mexico. Evergreen Review. Calder. 6s. 6d.

An Anthology of Mexican Poetry. Translated by SAMUEL BECKETT. *Thames & Hudson.* 35s.

> of the vitality which can express itself in forms that betray it, explains the deadly nature, aggressive or suicidal, of our explosions. . . . When the Mexican kills – for revenge, pleasure or caprice – he kills a person, a human being. Modern criminals and statesmen do not kill: they abolish.

The number contains some dramatic modern poetry and prose; and one fierce study of revolutionary violence which can be read in the above context. I notice also the beginning of a rebellion among the young against official revolutionary painting. Another valuable anthology is Samuel Beckett's translations of Mexican poetry up to Alfonso Reyes, a Unesco publication introduced by C. M. Bowra and with a long essay by Octavio Paz. These translations have been praised by Mexican critics. One can see why. They have a direct, lyrical and naked clarity. Much is meant to be declaimed; much bubbles out like a natural spring with simple spontaneity. A good deal can be described as conceits of feeling or as lapidary memories of a distant culture. The best of translated poetry seems to be floating about stiff, pale and without root and substance unless one has the original beside it. A Unesco publication, above all, ought to have given us the Spanish of these poems. For, in a sense that every Mexican recognises, poetry is the voice of a people.

V. S. PRITCHETT

False Harvest

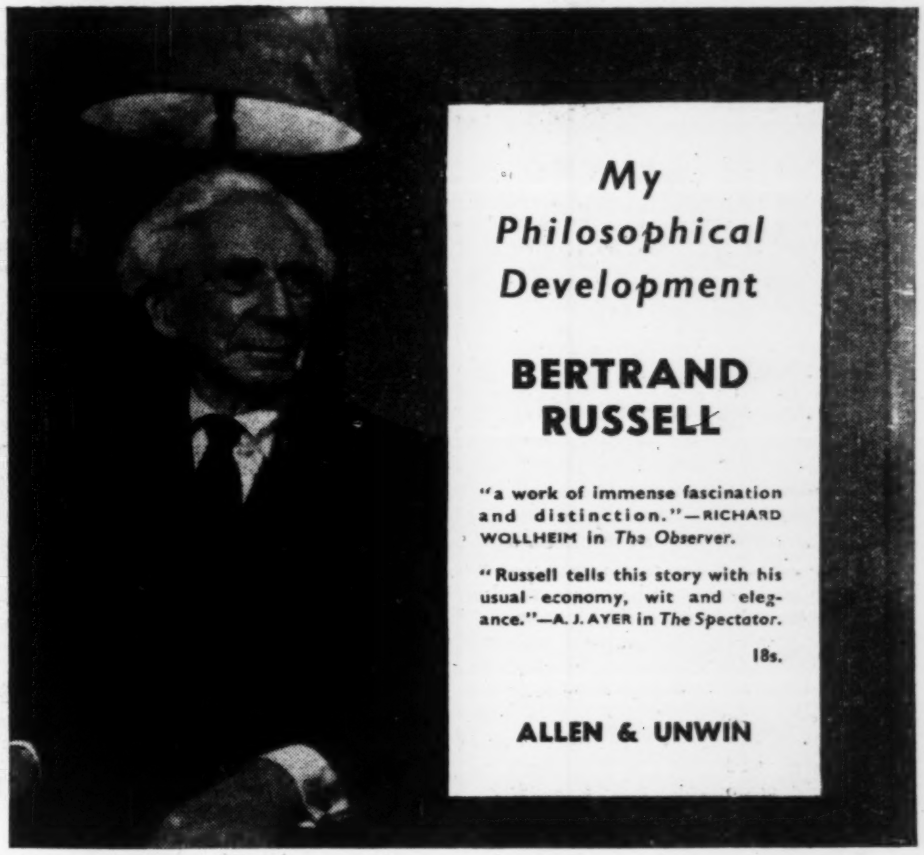
Brief as a steep house-roof, the range
In a surge of roasted grass
Plunges down to a wire fence and the road,
From a pulsing blue steamed like an oven glass
Over the torrid valley. Grass like grain,
A false corn-yellow, feeding a dozen head
Hardly on fifty acres, found a garner
As fraudulent, when the chain
Of Spanish missions inched another link
Here, by the Santa Ynez. Gaunt, intact
In a swirl of dust, the arcade, ochre-pink
Brick or adobe, knits bell-tower to cactus
With a certain largeness. One is glad of the fact
Of a structure of meagre distinction
In a milieu of none. One is glad of it
The more, that a denuded ambience
And time's permitted mellowing take the credit
We would deny the architect. To have built
Well, on a harvest of the souls and bones
Of degenerate Coast Indians, would demand
What, while we can, we shall disallow, a guilt
Shared by the bigot mind and master hand.

DONALD DAVIE

The House of Love

Who move into the house of love
Climb a darkened stair;
Candleless to the upper floor
They cannot tell what shape is there.
They seek the face beneath the skin,
Who move into the house of love:
The flesh is known and violence
Seeks to erase the hair above
The immediate skull, the measured bone,
To lie beyond the here and where.
Who move into the house of love
Climb a darkened stair.

KEITH WADDAMS



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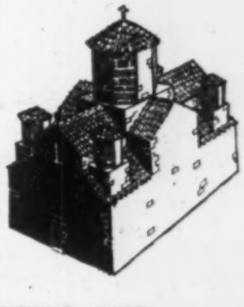

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View from Summit Street

America in Doubt. By ALEXANDER WERTH. *Hale.* 21s.

Transatlantic travellers' tales tend to fall into one of three categories. There is the 'grand tour' of the post-graduate, working off his money at the end of a year at Harvard or Princeton; there is the professional Washington correspondent working off the background material in his file; and there is the cultural essay of the itinerant intellectual, working off his complexes about America. Alexander Werth's book is refreshingly different, because it is both modest and unusually revealing. It was a lucky chance that took one of the best reporters of the last thirty years to a rooming house on Summit Street, Columbus, Ohio, and kept him there for three months – away from the big cities, the political cliques, the press gossip and, above all, the unrepresentative atmosphere of New York and Washington. For Mr Werth has produced a book which really conveys how the ordinary American lives and how he reacts to the outside world. This is genuine reporting of the best kind.

Mr Werth was giving a series of lectures on modern European politics at the University of Ohio in the autumn of 1957, just after Little Rock, and at the time of Eisenhower's stroke and the launching of the first sputniks. Most of the book consists of extracts from his diary, but there is a supplement of letters from former students which brings the story up to the early part of this year. And part of the interest of his book lies in his own reactions to the United States. He has lived for long periods in France and Russia; he has been a critic of American foreign policy; and, as he confesses, he shared most of the misgivings of the European Left about the American way of life. He was, therefore, delightfully surprised to discover that he liked both America and Americans. 'America has great human warmth,' he notes as his conversion proceeds. He lived modestly in Summit Street, chatting to his landlady and her husband, making friends with the students, visiting their families, and listening to what they were saying about Russia, the Bomb, Dulles, Nasser, unemployment and segregation.

His conclusion is expressed in his title. America, he believes, is really in doubt. The younger people are interested, but cynical, anxious about the future, and yet unsure what course to take. This is Larry – one of Mr Werth's students – speaking:

> Now, I was telling you the other day that America is a wonderful country; sure it is . . . in a way. But there still remains the problem of the vulgarity and ugliness of our society, the lack of roots, of direction and purpose, of creativity and companionship. . . . Sometimes I feel that we, who are so full and fast, may be empty floaters, drifting noisily, but nowhere. . . . Oh hell, look at our people: nice though so many of them are! They are ignorant, apathetic, cynical, and what I call 'disaffiliated' from this problem. And, hell, am I doing anything about it? Of course not.

Another student writes as recently as February, after Dulles became ill, that 'there was something about him that we respected and admired. Latterly he even seemed to start adapting himself to a changed world . . couldn't we somehow cash in on K's frantic desire to be left to his corn-growing and automation – whatever that might do to us in the end. What *should* we do? I just don't know. But I care – *terribly*'.

Though there is little editorialising in this book, its implications are quite clear. More and more Americans are doubtful about the Cold War, about the sterility of US policy – and, equally, about the lack of effective political leadership inside the country – and the growing influence of Krushchev's 'competitive' diplomacy: Truman, Acheson, Eisenhower and Dulles seemed to have led the country into a dead end. But in reporting dissatisfaction Mr Werth does not try to force critical opinions into neat and 'progressive' categories. He simply lets his friends speak for themselves, with all the complications and contradictions which make their speech convincing. 'For all their amateur McCarthyism,' he writes of his landlord and landlady, 'the Quentins are the kindest people in the world, and fundamentally, they are terribly unhappy.'

It may well be that within the US new attitudes are emerging. 'All this,' one of Mr Werth's students writes in January, 'is going to play an important part in the 1960 election. Provided – and this is important – the Russians don't do anything crazy about Berlin, which would automatically stop the present evolution of American opinion.' Mr Werth's book helps us to understand how that opinion is really formed far better than many more learned or sophisticated volumes. He sums it up in the last entry in his diary, as the *Liberté* moves through the fog towards the French coast: 'Uncanny feeling that Europe is perhaps becoming a less free world than America. . .'

NORMAN MACKENZIE

First Person Singular

The Light of Common Day. By DIANA COOPER *Hart-Davis* 25s

And Promenade Home. By AGNES DE MILLE *Hamish Hamilton.* 25s

Not in Front of the Children. By HENRY SHEREK *Heinemann.* 21s.

A Silver-Plated Spoon. By JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD. *Cassell* 21s

Ladies first. In *The Light of Common Day,* Lady Diana Cooper continues up to the outbreak of World War II the autobiography she inaugurated with *The Rainbow Comes and Goes.* To those unfamiliar with the latter, the new book begins rather mysteriously. 'The splendid vision of *The Miracle* was no longer a mirage.' Come again? Ah, yes, *The Miracle* – the fabulous Max Reinhardt spectacle in which Lady Diana toured America, variously playing the Nun and the Virgin Mary, wedged in the solid robes of the statue that came to life. This maddening habit of assuming knowledge on the part of the reader gives the narrative a faintly cosy air: names are dropped, and nicknames, at such a rate that outsiders like you and me begin to scuff the carpet and fiddle with our cocktail sticks and wonder if we shouldn't have stayed away from the party after all. But what a party – Royalty, and Rex Whistler, and Winston Churchill, and Beaverbrook, and Belloc, and Maurice Baring, to say nothing of Liz and Mogs and Chips and Bobbety. Much of this, compiled from diaries and letters, has charm and is funny: I especially liked the Turk who claimed to be 'hand in blouse with Lady L'. At times, too, the hints and sidelights illumine broader issues, and the book becomes a form of restorative reading for historians of the Thirties, a blend of *Vile Bodies* and Saint-Simon, with touches of Dornford Yates.

What's unnerving, indeed, is that all this rattle and glitter really happened – all this political hostessry, all these costly jaunts on official yachts. Service messages demanded the Royal hotwater bottle; an RAF plane was sent to collect a mislaid vanity case. The General Strike is here treated as a cross between cosmic disaster and an Establishment spree; amid the nicknames, the meaning of 'the WVS' is carefully explained. With the shadow of war impending, the story acquires a ready-made eve-of-Waterloo significance; and Lady Diana, as she herself puts it, tends to grow on one. All the same, I can't help remembering one of the illustrations, showing her canvassing in her husband's constituency – eager, friendly, and beautiful in a fur coat, cross-legged in the doorway, haranguing a pinched old woman in strap shoes and shabby clothes. Seeing that picture, and thinking of what she says about 'the Labour Buggins', I honestly wonder that she had the nerve.

And Promenade Home (another runner-up for Archest Title of the Year) is also a sequel, this time to *Dance to the Piper*, in which Miss Agnes de Mille described her early struggles as a choreographer. In this volume she hits the big time at last, with *Oklahoma!*, *One Touch of Venus*, *Carousel*, and *Bloomer Girl*, in all of which she showed that modern ballet could find a place in musical comedy – a discovery to be exploited even more fully by Jerome Robbins, whose *Fancy Free* was later turned into *On the Town*. Writing on ballet, and on the status of women, Miss de Mille is serious and interesting; and her accounts of the shows she's worked on are fascinating both for their evidence of sheer hard work on polished trifles and for their glimpses of people like Martha Graham, Mary Martin, Ogden Nash, and Rodgers and Hammerstein. I'd not heard, for instance, S J. Perelman's remark that 'they broke the mould before they made Perelman'. As befits a niece of the late Cecil B. de Mille, she tells a good story; but in places she lapses into a kind of Our-Hearts-Were-Young-and-Gay gush that indicates either a bad case of logorrhoea or the shameless practice of diary-farming. Half the time, I just don't believe that she can recall whole conversations verbatim; and as belief in autobiography goes out of the door, criticism of novelettish writing flies in through the window. Nevertheless, her wartime love-story is touching, if over-written, and it adds a dimension to her self-portrait as a craftswoman.

Mr Sherek is far more bland. His urbane recital of a long career in show business, ranging from Burns and Allen to T. S. Eliot at the Edinburgh Festival, is strictly brandy-and-cigars stuff, practised anecdotage about all the theatrical names you care to mention, including Benito Mussolini's. The title is rather misleading, however, since the only word that might trouble Aunt Edna occurs on the first page. There, Mr Sherek claims that he decided to become a theatrical manager on hearing Arnold Bennett describe an actress as 'some damn tart who is sleeping with the Manager'. The chapter is ruefully headed 'Arnold Bennett was wrong'.

Lastly, the Duke of Bedford, impresario of Woburn Abbey and *enfant terrible* of the Stately Home game. Before reading his book I'd rather imagined him as a ruthless publicist and endorser of sock-suspenders on TV: but unless I'm being fooled by an immensely subtle piece of Public Relations, he emerges as a far more sympathetic and genuine figure with a real respect for his inheritance. Brought up by his eccentric family in idleness and comparative poverty, he only discovered his lineage at the age of sixteen, by accident; and the conducted tours of Woburn are less an attempt to make a fast buck than an intelligent

WORLD WITHIN
A Borneo Story
by
Tom Harrisson

Enthusiastic reviews from the *Daily Telegraph, Manchester Guardian, Evening Standard, Sunday Times, Observer, New Statesman, Spectator, Times Literary Supplement*, etc., of which the following from *THE TIMES* is typical:

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ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

and systematic endeavour to pay off death duties and keep the house in the family. He tells his story with frankness and simplicity; and at the end, despite threats of a funfair in the grounds, one feels grateful that he's put the Abbey in order after the ruin left by his father and the lonely ducal existence led by his grandfather Herbrand, whose rigid life at Woburn, attended by fifty or sixty indoor servants, is admiringly contrasted with 'today's mobocracy' by Lady Diana Cooper, *op. cit.*

RICHARD MAYNE

New Promises

New Poets 1959. Edited by EDWIN MUIR. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s*.

Fourteen Poems. By DORIS LESSING. *Scorpion Press.* 6*s*. 6*d*.

Promises. By ROBERT PENN WARREN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s*.

Although more new poets have appeared in the last few years than at any period since the early Thirties, there is still room for help for the young, and Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode deserve our thanks for publishing in one volume – chosen by Edwin Muir not long before he died – the first collections of three newcomers, Iain Crichton Smith, Karen Gershon, and Christopher Levenson. The work of Iain Crichton Smith, with which the book begins, is immediately impressive. He is not only able to combine intellectual precision with imaginative exuberance, but also to organise his statements within a disciplined, yet natural, construction of spoken language. His rhythms are strong and subtle, and his images are forceful and surprising without ever being self-conscious. 'Light strikes the stone bible like a gong' is one of his opening statements, and it describes the vital impact of his verses perfectly. Most young poets who are capable of organising language to this degree of competence appear to have lost the ability to disturb the reader's emotions with that sudden simplicity which is at the heart of the poetic miracle, but in several of his poems Mr Crichton Smith exposes the nerve of the matter in a phrase as direct and disturbing as the most heart-chilling fragment from the old lyrists. Nevertheless, his work is not in the pseudo-primitive tradition: his mind is subtle and his range wide. He reveals a remarkable flair for both visual description and passionate reasoning in poems that come across as real experiences. One might say of his work as he says of the sea-gull,

It is simply
a force that, like a bomb slim as a death,
plunges, itself, no other, through the ample
imperial images that disguise your truth.

Karen Gershon is a poet of a different kind. She makes use of archetypal symbols in a manner sometimes reminiscent of Kathleen Raine, and sometimes of ancient Gaelic or primitive Indian poetry, and speaks with oracular assurance of 'those images that constitute the wild'.

The naked wing
rocks a flight from the sea,
the dead without issue
survive in me.

It would be easy to condemn such work as pretentious, evasive, hiding the real problems of language and imagination behind a prepared screen of symbolism, but Miss Gershon has the assured lyricism of the truly fey, the sincerely possessed, and if on occasion her images appear to be arbitrary and wilfully magical, at other times they do give us a sudden intuition of universal dramas and perceptions.

Christopher Levenson's work is less exciting. His main effects are descriptive, and, although his images are apt and pleasing, his poems rarely quite catch fire. There is a tendency to rely upon the well-tried strength of the established construction, and poems that begin superbly end a little too tidily, so that one suspects a slight complacency, a too practised passion. Yet Mr Levenson is a good writer and can pick out the essence of place or episode with considerable skill, as he does when he takes a look at 'Regency Slums, Liverpool':

Yet handle even these stones with reverence;
Before we dismember their certain charm, take care.
Such slender grace grew strong on certainty,
And walls that hold now no colour but the sunset's
Rose unequivocal once to a clearer sky.

New Poets 1959 is an important venture. May there be more like it.

Miss Lessing's little book is also admirable. In lucid and restrained verses she engraves her compassionate observations and questions upon a tense listening silence that she has herself created. Her main theme is exile and she handles it with poignant objectivity and with an utterly convincing simplicity of manner:

The thick grey rocks compress you round.
The thick sky presses down like steel.
You have forgotten how to feel
Except as parched plants in parched ground.

She attacks the reader's conscience as well as his sensibility and her work is consistently mature and delicate.

Robert Penn Warren's Pulitzer Prize-winning collection is extraordinarily uneven. Energetic, wordy, often obtrusively rhyming, metrically tricksy, he thrusts oddities, commonplaces, tautologies and profundities at us with the air of a man with a mission. He owes much to Hopkins ('By your head velvet air-*whoosh*, curdle and shudder of wing-creak') and sometimes his mixture of poeticisms and slang in a swingingly clever metre that combines telegraphic urgency with extreme prolixity reminds one of Browning. Yet the poems on the people of the Southern States and some of the harshly capering satires have real authority behind them, and once Mr Warren remembers to forget his Browning, Hopkins, Auden, and Stevens, he can produce poems as disturbing as 'Country Burying 1919' or 'Hands are Paid', and reveal the real originality and vigour that subsume the wild gestures.

In the cedar dark a white moth drifts.
The mule's head, at the bar-lot bar,
Droops sad and saurian under night's splendour.
In the star-pale field, the propped pitchfork lifts
Its burden, hung black, to the white star.

ROBIN SKELTON

2 Book Society Recommendations

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Peter Green *Daily Telegraph*
" Remarkable first novel . . . a richly exotic visual impact, and is irradiated throughout by the pure flame of a powerful fully committed intelligence."

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Endymion Porter

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Sunday Times
" I enjoyed it as a collection of unfamiliar facts set forth in lucid impeccable English and throwing many sidelights on the period."

Mildred Gibb *Yorkshire Post*
" A beautifully written . . . biography of one of the 17th century's most attractive characters."

Illustrated 25s net

CHATTO & WINDUS

Fog Department

Flight and Pursuit. By STUART HOLROYD. *Gollancz.* 21*s*

Among the overflow of blurb on the dust-jacket, the words 'loosely and rather stupidly' caught my exhausted eye as I put this book down, and I reflected without the least surprise, 'Oh, so they are trying a factual description this time are they?' Loosely and rather stupidly is just how Mr Holroyd writes, and it is, as Sydney Smith remarked, a pity to read his book before reviewing it, it prejudices one so. If you only picked it up in a shop and looked at the readable bits, you would probably get the impression of a very decent and amiable young man, doing his best to interpret between the generations, and to fight his way through from a childish solipsism to a more adult sociability. What the publishers were actually saying, however, was that he is one of those 'loosely and rather stupidly grouped together as Angry Young Men', and their reasons for trumpeting him forth as the usual mixture of Descartes and the Prophet Isaiah is clearly that they wanted a young man who was *not* angry, a pleased young man, in favour of some kind of religion, some kind of morals, and some kind of Life. Goodness knows the wish is natural, and Mr Holroyd seems to be all these things. But he is not satisfied with just saying so, he wants to prove that he is right, and he can no more argue than he can fly, because he is not interested in anyone else's point of view. (In fact, although his book bristles with remarks about a proper attitude to The Other, he is not interested in anything whatever except himself.)

What is to be done then? Call the book a spiritual autobiography; let him describe little bits of his life (which he does well, he should probably be writing short stories) and just as the reader gets interested, let him fly off into a vortex of what he thinks he once thought and how he has developed into thinking something different. ('As late as 1950 I was still gullible.') In this way there is never any need to meet objections. All the controversy is carried on by not liking (or not having liked) people's attitudes. Points that might be controversial are put so vaguely that it is seldom possible to make out even which extreme is being avoided, and are then hastily left, for Mr Holroyd has neither the effrontery nor the showmanship of his friend Colin Wilson, and does not like going too far in public. Every weed proliferates, and then when it comes to remarking casually, for instance, that Whitehead, Bergson, and William James are the only modern philosophers he can be bothered with, he 'has no space' to say anything more about James and Bergson.

I am sorry to explode at such a respectable young man. As I say, I am prejudiced. I have been reading him carefully, and for me reading this kind of thing is like eating doormats. There is no future in it. You can never even be sure that it does *not* mean anything. I know there are many people who will not feel like this at all. Some positively prefer invertebrates; some will be able to pick a bit here and there without worrying about coherence, and plenty will be humble enough to think that if they don't understand, it is their own fault, and will supply what connexions they think most probable. They will, by skipping, collect from the book a certain cheerful and enterprising attitude which is certainly attractive. But *why* dress it up as argument? Mr Holroyd is not, I think, interested in the grounds of his beliefs at all, only in their history, and he is certainly not interested in the grounds of other people's. His chief controversial point is that people now (ranging from Messrs Wain and Amis to the linguistic analysts) neglect spiritual creation to go in for destructive criticism. This is a highly respected old thesis, but criticising critics does not make one a creator.

Mr Holroyd in this and most of his controversies is a little flea – a creature valuable to the big fleas but not in itself deeply significant – and he hops his way smoothly round the regular circus of Sartre, Camus, Kierkegaard, Blake's Prophetic Books, Hemingway, Nietzsche, Rilke, the Bhagavad-Gita, Socrates and Schopenhauer. (I can't help feeling it's time *he* was struck off the register?) On the positive side his contribution is a vacuous, non-sectarian God, a watery ethic and a tenuous immortality. *Must* the Emperor have new clothes every month?

MARY SCRUTTON

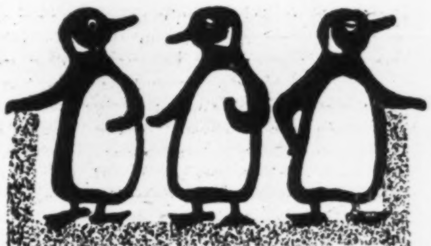
Leap Over the Furrow

Founding Fathers. By ALFRED DUGGAN. *Faber.* 16*s.*

Rome was not built in a day, but Romans liked to think that it was founded in a day. Hence Romulus describing with his plough a wide circle round the Palatine. Remus preferred the Capitol as the site of the future city. But he was outaugured and outwitted by his twin, who then killed him for rudely jumping across the fresh furrow on the Palatine. There must be something in this story, for why should the Romans have invented so discreditable a fratricide to coincide with so holy a moment in their history? As for the she-wolf, nobody imagines that the twins were actually reared with a litter of cubs: they had been exposed by their mother on the banks of the Tiber, and were found by the shepherd Faustulus with the she-wolf looking down on their cradle. He snatched them away and brought them up himself.

Well, Livy didn't really believe it, nor does Alfred Duggan. He has woven a legend round a legend, but he has done it in so matter-of-fact a style that one would not be surprised to find Romulus helping himself to a whisky and soda. Here is a sample speech by co-King Tatius to the founding Senators:

> King Romulus is a splendid fellow, and we must all support him. He really believes that stuff about Rome being something special, a city destined to endure till the end of the world. As far as that goes, he may be right; I shan't be there to contradict him when the world comes to its end.



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THE WALES PUBLISHING CO.
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This is the sort of historical fiction which I like. As nobody knows how they talked, one might as well assume that they talked like some of us. Romulus is no more unbelievable than Mussolini, and the earliest Romans must have been more akin to us in feeling than our contemporaries in Central Borneo. So Mr Duggan's Romans find the delving into the entrails of sacrificial beasts rather disgusting and silly, though none of them dare say so; his Sabine women, the founding Mothers, quite enjoy their outrageous treatment by the colonists; and when it comes to battle, it is more like a rugger scrum, the two front ranks pushing with their shields against each other and the rear ranks pushing against the backs of their own front rank, so that nobody can use a sword at all. It all sounds much less improbable than the Hollywood version. It is certainly less bloodthirsty.

Half an hour with Livy's Book I was all that Mr Duggan needed, and he has not followed even that too faithfully. There is no archaeology here, no notes on sources, no Introduction. The apparent carelessness of the novel is its virtue. It is delightfully loose-limbed. Nor is there any moral, for how can one approve or disapprove of a band of farmer-brigands defending their stockades and cattle against neighbouring bands of brigands? The greatest empire which the world has ever known had some such origin. Why not this one?

NIGEL NICOLSON

Other New Novels

Arturo's Island. By ELSA MORANTE. *Collins.* 15*s*.

The Children. By JAMES VANCE MARSHALL. *Joseph.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Affair in Arcady. By JAMES WELLARD. *Hutchinson.* 16*s*.

The Ordeal of Mr Blair. By ROBERT SMITH. *Elek.* 16*s*.

Running on the Spot. By KEITH WALKER. *New Authors.* 15*s*.

On the island of Procida, not far from Ischia, the women live like nuns, scuttling from the presence of strangers, averting their eyes from bathers on the beach; 'they have a sort of polecat look about them'. To this place, once, came a man who hated women; but in his big house, once a monastery, he gave lavish parties to corrupt the young men of the island. When he died he left the house to his favourite among the boys, Wilhelm Gerace. Wilhem's son, Arturo, was alone there most of the time, while his father went off on mysterious travels, the hero of the child's dream, blond Ulysses, full of secrets. One day he returned with a new young wife, only two years older than Arturo. The boy hated her at first, then, in their common loneliness, for Wilhelm was off again, fell passionately in love with her. Then Ulysses came back to stay. In the island's prison, a friend of his was lodged; and Wilhelm mewed for comfort night after night under the walls, getting only a jeer in return. The prisoner was set free; to teach Arturo the meaning of his father's travels, his secrecies, his furies of love which were not for his wife, nor for his son.

It is a poetic story, with all the charm the improbable has when it is told in the tone of probability. It is beautifully managed; the child's eye view is never lost for a moment, the impersonation never falters. Elsa Morante has that kind of stern, firm, factual imagination which such a book as this needs, if the reader is not to suspect that he is being slid into a fantasy or a dream. The theme of the book is remoteness; the remoteness of the island from the world of politics and war, the remoteness of the child from the parent, the remoteness of homosexual desire from marriage, from birth, from all the domestic symbols. It is extraordinarily clever of the writer to have set her lost world within touching distance of the real one; Naples is no more than a short boat trip away, but it might be a million light-years. *Arturo's Island* is one of those novels which present a special problem to the reviewer who has to give a snap judgment, for it has the mesmeric, lingering quality which inhibits immediate assessment. Immediately I had read it I was all set to write, 'masterpiece'. The day afterwards I wasn't so sure. Four days afterwards, I am prepared to say, at any rate, that it is pretty fine. And the translation by Isabel Quigley is splendid.

The Children has a simple theme, and three characters. Two children from the southern states of America, a girl of thirteen, a boy of eight, are the sole survivors from an aeroplane which has crashed in the Australian desert. They are rescued from hunger and despair by an Aboriginal boy. The boys achieve an instant understanding; the girl, shocked by the bush boy's nakedness, is stricken by sexual fear. He mistakes this fear for something else; he believes she has seen the Spirit of Death in his face, and he simply wills himself to die, after he has set them upon the road to safety. This is very tender, very touching, and sketched out with no sign of strain. The descriptions of the animal and vegetable life of the desert are enchanting; there is a hill that seems to be made of jewels, till the jewels, which are butterflies, rise and fly away. My only doubt about the novel, apart from a wish that Mr Marshall would remove just a few clichés (there aren't many, but the penalty for the cliché is always out of all proportion to the sin), is that the psychology of the girl may be a little rocky. An American southerner, yes, half-fearful, half-contemptuous, of coloured people; but is a child from a 'progressive' family, a psychiatrist-devoted family, going to be so worried because the rescuer wears no pants? Maybe; but I do doubt it, rather.

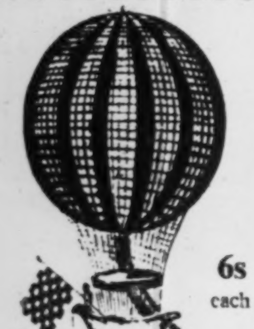
Mr James Wellard has always seemed to me, in the past, on the verge of writing a book which adds up totally. At last, I think, he has done it. *The Affair in Arcady* is melodramatic in plot, to say the least of it; a writer engaged on the history of a stuffy, rich American family, falls in love with the apparently crazy daughter, who seems to be a nymphomaniac. In fact, she has had enough cause for craziness, because her family has had her lover murdered (he had Negro blood), and has had her sterilised in a psychiatric clinic. A Tennessee Williams touch, neatly and explosively handled. I cannot pretend to believe in much of this story now; but I believed in it while I was reading it. Everything must depend on the girl herself. Does one care about her? I think so, yes; and Mr Wellard has worked extremely hard and skilfully to that end. She is the only person in the book characterised upon a really deep level; and she makes me feel that if Mr Wellard can inject so much life into melodrama, he will later on put that same life and force into something rather more serious.

The Ordeal of Mr Blair is superbly informative about American social manners, about anti-Semitism in the US, and about the crooked side of big business. The merit of the old-fashioned naturalist novel (this would be one, if it didn't make something of a symbol out of a small-time Jew who provides a moral touchstone) is that one learns so much. How little we should know about America if we had no Dreiser, no Lewis, but only Mr Faulkner, I should hate to think. Mr Blair has been done down and abandoned by a big-time crook; suddenly this same crook offers him escape from the poverty to which he has been reduced, and Mr Blair moves his reluctant family into Connecticut circles which are as miserably and destructively too grand for them as the East Side ones were too squalid. This solid and readable writer, Robert Smith, plods along remorselessly after his hero down the road to ruin; and if he doesn't touch our emotions, he adds to our social insight a few things that might even stop us putting our foot in it, somewhere, some day.

Mr Keith Walker is a bad young man. With the liveliest literary talent, gusto, good feeling and good sense, all he has done with these things is to produce another version of *Lucky Jim* even to a lecture, almost to Welch, almost to Margaret. *Running on The Spot* would have seemed splendid if I'd read it first. All writers (except perhaps for Adam, if he had made a literary venture) must have their influences; but excellent Mr Walker has allowed excellent Mr Amis an undue one. Never mind; Mr Walker will turn out all right when he achieves full confidence in his own ideas and his own inventiveness.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

New titles in the paper-covered Faber Editions, published this month, are Pound's *Selected Poems* with Eliot's introduction (6s.), Maurice Collis's *Marco Polo* (5s.), Henry Williamson's *Salar the Salmon* (5s.), and *An Invitation to Chess*, by Irving Chernev and Kenneth Harkness (6*s*.). Fabers have also published a new edition of Eliot's translation of St. John Perse's *Anabasis* (15*s*.): and two collections of short stories – *Italian Stories of Today*, edited by John Lehmann (16*s*.) and *Welsh Short Stories* edited by George Ewart Evans (15*s*.).



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EDWARD HULTON

The Private War of Admiral Hall

The Zimmermann Telegram. By Barbara W. Tuchman. *Constable.* 18*s.*

The Mystery of Lord Kitchener's Death. By Donald McCormick. *Putnam.* 18*s.*

The Nili Spies. By Anita Engle. *Hogarth Press.* 25*s.*

These three books are all concerned with secret service activities in the 1914-18 War, the war which Admiral Hall of our Naval Intelligence seems to have regarded almost as his private property. The Zimmermann Telegram gained him a famous victory over the Germans, and a less publicised one over President Wilson and the United States. On 17 January 1917, when the cryptographic experts in Room 40 at the Admiralty started to decipher the intercepted telegram from the German Foreign Secretary to the German Ambassador in Washington, Admiral Hall realised at once that he had laid hands on a providential stick of dynamite to blast America into war. Zimmermann was caught offering Mexico an offensive alliance against the United States with a promise of Texas and Arizona as the fruits of victory. If that did not jolt President Wilson out of his dreams of neutrality, it would be sure to rouse the Texans from their comfortable isolation. Also, there was the little item of information that unrestricted U-boat warfare would commence on 1 February. What did Hall do with his momentous news? Nothing at all, for three weeks: he waited to see if the U-boats would do the trick for him. When 1 February came and America still remained neutral, Hall at last let the British Foreign Office know of the telegram. But even then he retained command of the situation. The Americans were not to be informed until he had devised a most ingenious means of doing so without betraying the secrets of Room 40. On 1 March the cat was at last let out of the bag; and a month later Wilson declared war, 'kicked into the war' as Lord Birkenhead said by Admiral Hall. Mrs Tuchman has produced a spirited and dramatic account of the telegram and its impact on America, based on a most thoroughgoing study of all the available documentary evidence. As she writes from the transatlantic standpoint several chapters are devoted to the history of previous relations between USA, Mexico and Germany which may be unfamiliar to English readers. But of Admiral Hall and the mysteries of Room 40 she has unfortunately discovered nothing not previously known. Those lips long sealed by the Official Secrets Act are most of them by now finally closed in death.

In *The Mystery of Lord Kitchener's Death*, as investigated by Mr McCormick, Admiral Hall appears only to play a small part. Three hours after leaving Scapa Flow on 5 June 1916, the cruiser *Hampshire*, with Lord Kitchener on board on his way to Russia, sank after an explosion a couple of miles off Marwick Head in Orkney: only twelve survivors reached shore. Was the cause of the explosion a torpedo, a mine or an infernal machine? Mr McCormick examines these three possibilities judicially after interviewing the still extant survivors and local inhabitants, and he concludes that the ship was sunk by a mine laid by U.75 a week before the disaster, a satisfactory if somewhat foregone conclusion. The real mystery, still unsolved, is whether Admiral Hall inadvertently sent U.75 to lay that mine. The Germans had intercepted a British naval signal saying that the area where the *Hampshire* sank had been cleared of mines. Was this a genuine message? As described in *The Eyes of the Navy*, the most authoritative source of information about Room 40, Hall had palmed off on the German secret service a phoney naval code book, by which he was accustomed to send out harmless signals to keep the Germans happy when he was not using it to lure U-boats to their doom. On this occasion it looks very much as if it was Kitchener he lured to his doom. Hall never told Jellicoe what he was up to – even at the battle of Jutland; and the *Hampshire* was fatally diverted west of Orkney at the last moment merely to save Kitchener from seasickness.

The Nili Spies tells the romantic and tragic story of a young Jewish woman, Sarah Aaronsohn, who ran an espionage net-work behind the Turkish lines in Palestine from 1915 to 1917, conveying invaluable military information to British Headquarters in Egypt. Eventually betrayed to the Turks by the silliness of a carrier-pigeon, she resisted torture for days, and at last committed suicide rather than reveal the identity of her comrades.

Miss Engle writes with passionate admiration for the remarkable Aaronsohn family; but in her uncritical enthusiasm for the Zionist cause she may well alienate some sympathy in Gentile readers. She derides the prowess of Lawrence of Arabia as a rival to her heroine, and seems to think that the whole 1914-18 war should have been fought to free the Jews. Sarah Aaronsohn, however, did not die in vain: a month after her death the Balfour Declaration was her posthumous reward.

Ralph Partridge

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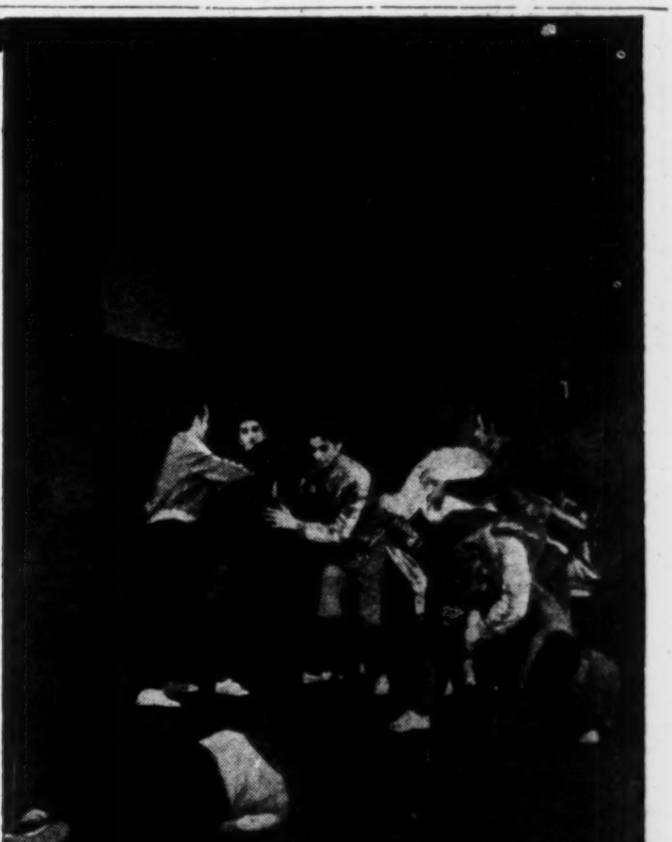

The Emancipation of Children

Children in Care. By JEAN S. HEYWOOD. *Routledge. 25s.*

Miss Heywood is lecturer in Social Administration at Manchester University. She has had practical experience as a caseworker and was the first Children's Officer to be appointed in Rochdale to inaugurate the new child-care service in 1948. In this scholarly book, a valuable addition to the International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction, she traces the development in England, from the Middle Ages onwards, of the services caring for the deprived child.

Deprived children are to be found at all social levels, but the problem they set society is a 'class' problem. Although, contrary to popular belief, the poor are still with us, it is not correct to say now, as twenty or thirty years ago it would have been, that most of the children taken 'into care' come from the ranks of the poor. But they do come from the working classes. And the treatment such children receive has always depended on the views about poverty and social failure held by those in power. Before the Reformation, a social philosophy prevailed which, in theory at any rate, was not unlike our own: the care of the deprived was the collective responsibility of the community into which they were born, and a degree of tolerance and charity was extended towards them. But when the manorial communities began to break up, poor relief became a national problem, and in 1601 the first of many Poor Laws was enacted. This initiated an era of workhouses and institutions, and of puritanically moral attitudes towards poverty, which was not brought to a close until the great emancipating legislation of 1948. Between these two dates, particularly during the early years of the Industrial Revolution, the suffering to which many deprived children were exposed passes belief. In the middle of the eighteenth century almost all the infants in the care of London parishes died in their first six years. As late as 1870 the number of infants found dead during the year, in the metropolitan and city police districts, was 276.

The tragic story is relieved by the achievements of some of the great rescuers – Thomas Coram, who opened the famous Foundling Hospital, Sir John Fielding, brother of the novelist, Mary Carpenter, champion of reformatory schools for children of the 'perishing classes', Dr Barnardo, Dr Stephenson, the Rev. Waugh, Lady Allen of Hurtwood. Nearly all the great reforms have been started by private citizens or philanthropic societies, and past and present experience indicates that this will ever be the case. The inception, or evolution, of the NSPCC is characteristic. Just under eighty years ago an audacious Liverpool merchant prevailed upon a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to extend an appeal for a Dogs' Home into an appeal for the protection of children.

Miss Heywood devotes about half her book to the twentieth century and its ameliorative legislation; and after describing the methods of child care in operation today, she suggests, in a final chapter, how the service may develop in the future. She stresses the need for constructive and preventive work within the family to forestall avoidable kinds of deprivation. This is one of the subjects now being examined by the Ingleby Committee. The general reader must not suppose, because the end of this story is relatively happy, that a long struggle is nearly over. The time is earlier than we think. The daily welfare dished out on our behalf by underpaid social workers lays a flattering unction to the public conscience and effectively hides a huge indifference.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

Shorter Reviews

The Rhondda Valleys By E. D. LEWIS. *Phœnix House. 25s.*

Inevitably the chapters Mr Lewis devotes to labour relations in the coal industry in these famous Welsh valleys will most interest the general reader. Even supposing that the bitter struggles between collier and coal-owner hold no relevance for the late Fifties, it is impossible to read even this scholarly rehearsal of strike, lock-out, wealth, poverty and depression without being moved to astonishment and anger. From the first recorded strike – at one of Coffin's pits in 1831 – through the Cambrian affair in 1910 to the General Strike and its frightful aftermath, the Rhondda miners demonstrated rare courage and loyalty. Mr Lewis, himself the son of a Rhondda collier, celebrates these qualities and has some hard things to say about the rather different characteristics of the coal-owners.

The years to 1920 he treats in more detail than thereafter, the years of phenomenal expansion rather than the years of even more dramatic collapse. About more specialised subjects, like the decline of Welsh-speaking, the techniques of pit-sinking, and the building of railways, he is equally authoritative. It is obscurely entertaining to learn that Barry would still, probably, be a small village if David Davies Ocean had not found the inefficiencies of the Marquis of Bute's Cardiff Docks intolerable and established a rival port The economy of the Rhondda Valleys is now much more secure, its social life much more sedate. All that this valuable, necessary history lacks is a dash of Rhondda wit

W. J. M.

Everyman's Africa By JOHN HATCH. *Dobson.* 21s.

Mr Hatch attempts the extraordinarily difficult feat of providing an up-to-date, accurate, intelligible and brief layman's introduction to the African continent, which is scarcely capable of being introduced in this way. His solution is to devote the first half of the book to British West, East and Central Africa, the remainder being roughly equally divided between the rest of 'British' Africa (including the Union) and general reflections on African history and current problems.

Discussion of the whole of French, Belgian and Portuguese Africa (and the independent states other than Ghana) is compressed into a short chapter; and in addition to the rather drastic imbalance this creates, Mr Hatch's chief interest and emphasis throughout is on constitutional development, at the expense of African political organisation, social evolution and economic problems.

As an outline of the political problems facing Britain in Africa, however, it is positive and controversial and fills a wide-felt need. The best sections are those on Ghana and Kenya; others are a bit uneven, sometimes evidently because of late additions called for by fast-moving events. There are valuable factual appendices; it is a pity that no reading-list is provided for the newcomer to African problems to whom the book will otherwise clearly be very useful.

C. T. L.

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Universities & Left Review

sixth issue/spring 1959

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More Talking of Shakespeare. Edited by JOHN GARRETT. *Longmans.* 21*s*.

So much has now been written about Shakespeare—and still five years to go till the quatercentenary—that it has long since ceased to matter much if people repeat (or contradict) themselves (or each other): or where would we all be? This enormous industry is, after all, proof of Shakespeare's continuing and unique excitement: it's as if his own immense power of words goes on breeding; one has only to re-read one of his plays to get a rush of ideas to the head. Once or twice in a generation, Shakespeare will have a genuine major creative effect on someone, *e.g.*, Bradley, with the result that for a time people discuss him instead of, or as well as, Shakespeare.

The argument on character ('How many children had Lady Macbeth?') is still going on in this latest selection from lectures given at Stratford between 1954 and 1958, with its pioneer, L. C. Knights, usefully re-stating the modern view that character, though important, must be subordinated, like syntax, plot, and so on, to 'the whole experience, the controlling preoccupation, the emergent idea'—phrases which are more 'us' than Shakespeare. Yet who else is there for us to pin the biggest and brightest medal of our philosophy on to? That is Mr Wain's theme, too, when he praises the mind of Shakespeare—Coleridge called him a great philosopher—and firmly rejects the view that there is any sense in which he can possibly be called 'inferior' to a systematic philosopher. This book also contains some good essays on Shakespeare the tragic dramatist who shows us—in the words of Professor Kitto—'the terms on which the gods will let us live'; and several helpful analyses of individual plays including *As You Like It* (Helen Gardner) and *Much Ado* (Graham Storey).

K. W. G.

Henry Purcell: Essays on His Music. Edited by IMOGEN HOLST. *Oxford.* 18*s*.

The last few years have seen a strong revival of pre-eighteenth-century music, and the programme of the coming Purcell festival is full of promises, including works that have not been performed since the composer's time. There is an excellent audience for a really good book about Purcell—but I am afraid this little group of essays does not fill the bill. Miss Holst has gathered her Purcell-lovers together and they speak livelily enough, each to his own section of the audience. But those with a serious contribution to make have no space to set it in the wider context needed. Of these sufferers, Eric Walter White and Jeremy Noble manage excellently, with new material on *Dido and Æneas* and with a reappraisal of Purcell's place at the Chapel Royal. But the others say very little in their 2,500 words or so; and the longest essay, on performing Purcell's music today, has an incongruous textbook style quite out of keeping with the rest of the graciously produced and illustrated book. Surely, it shouldn't be so very difficult to compile an interesting and well-balanced series of essays on England's greatest composer?

P. H.

Universities Quarterly: May 1959. 7*s*. 6*d*.

This issue concludes, for the time being, the debate started by Lord Simon of Wythenshawe's article, last November, on a Royal Commission for the Universities, and carried on in the February issue by Charles Wilson, D. A. Bell, Kenneth Urwin and William Walsh, speaking from Leicester, Birmingham, Leeds and Cardiff. Now come the Oxbridge views: 'Tom Jones', Oxford, and J. B. Broadbent, Cambridge. Both have their eyes wide open to what's wrong, but don't think these particular wrongs can be put right by the use of a blunt instrument, and both are deeply suspicious of tidy and logical plans of reform: 'Admittedly, Oxford teems with anomalies and inequalities; but as long as the injustice and social wastage is slight, most of them are not worth disturbing': 'Most of the problems, being educational, can be solved only by educators on the spot. . . . Don't burden us with professionally committee-sitting trade unionists, political women, industrialists and civil servants: our problems are too delicate for them to help us, and we should be intelligent enough to help ourselves'. Lord Simon very briefly replies to his critics. Among other articles in the issue are 'The Novel in Education' (G. D. Klingopulos), 'English Literature at a West African University' (R. F. Storch), and a Profile by Nicolas Malleson of 'University Student, 1953', based on the records of a year's entry to University College, London, and illustrating, by tables, such matters as the relation between type of schooling and attainment in examinations, or between fathers' professions and students' attainment.

J. A. S.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,526 **Set by Adam**

The usual prizes are offered for a poem 'In Dispraise of Gardens'. Limit 16 lines: use of the rhyme sequence *wot, plot, not, grot*, etc., will disqualify. Entries by 2 June.

Result of No. 1,523 **Set by Pretty Betty**

Tom Lehrer arrives in London this week for his first performance over here. Competitors are invited to welcome him with a 'gruesome' English folk-song. Limit 16 lines.

Report

This young man, he came for
Fun and games on the Concert floor
Slick tack, satire-packed rather-near-the-bone
This young man in a world of his own—

So Carlion sets us going; but the mood changes and in comes Rhoda Elliott with—

Cross my threshold, Lehrer, the Kidney Beans wax long:
My Lizzie watched me fork the mould . . . I slew her with the prong.
There's thirteen bits of Liz dug in which give the bean plants life.
How poor would be my garden if I'd never had a wife.
Oh, Lizzie filled a long, long row but sad am I to tell
That Lucy's growing nothing a-lying in the well.

P. Meaves offers a new version of 'Colin'—

My love and I are wont to sup,
And share our canteen stewed tea
From lipstick-stained loving cup
That passes 'twixt my love and me,
On oil-cloth wedged close we lean,
My love doth masticate her stew,
Her skin reflecting yellow-green
From tiled walls of sickly hue,
Hey Nonny Nonny O
Hey Nonny Nonny.

And Frances narrates 'The Ballad of the By-Pass'

A lorry came past her as onward she tripped,
On a day of a week of a month of a year;
And the driver looked round, and his steering-wheel slipped
And the horns they were sounding, were sounding so clear.

and a real modern—

Where have you been all the night,
Teddy Boy, Teddy Boy,
Where have you been all the night
My Teddy Boy?
I've been out with floosie Jane,
Smoking reefers in the rain,
And her body lies in a waddy-O,
Said darling Teddy Boy.

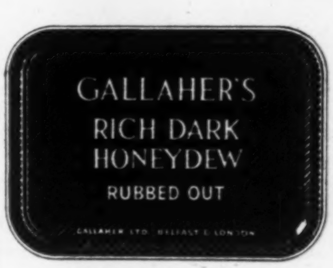
(A. W. Dicker)

In fact *NS* competitors echo of 'put my white sheet again': didn't need to follow Lehrer closely—though I did like Stephen-Sedley's

I want to go back to Eton; I want to see an Eton beating
And flagellate the sons of Labour peers . . .

It's time you savoured the
deep contentment of
GALLAHER'S
RICH DARK
HONEYDEW

a blend of fine tobaccos . . . sweet smoking . . .
long lasting . . . so happily contrived that
it will grow in your affection.



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COMPANY MEETING

DURBAN ROODEPOORT DEEP, LIMITED

The Sixty-second Ordinary General Meeting of shareholders will be held in Johannesburg on 25 May, 1959. The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman, Mr. T. Reekie, dated 15 May, 1959.

The tonnage milled increased slightly from 2,192,000 tons to 2,200,000 tons and the yield improved from 3.533 to 3,621 dwt per ton milled, resulting in an additional 11,154 ounces of gold being recovered. The average price of gold of 250s. 4d. per ounce fine received by the Company was, however, less by 5d. per ounce than that for the previous year. Working revenue increased by £126,751 to £4,998,242, but working expenditure at £4,359,954 was £129,263 higher, and the working profit for the year was accordingly lower by £2,532 at £638,288.

Development

The Main Reef is now almost fully developed to the 40th level and development is proceeding along the 40th, 42nd and 44th levels. In the Lease Area 6,832 feet were developed during 1958 of which 3,472 feet were on Main Reef, 1,200 feet were on Kimberley Reef on the 17th level, and 2,160 feet were off reef. On Main Reef 1,180 feet or 36.9 per cent. were payable with an average value of 384 inch-dwt., while Kimberley Reef 510 feet or 46.8 per cent. were payable at 162 inch-dwt. Of the total of 11,770 feet developed since commencement of operations in the Lease Area to date, 7,720 feet have been sampled, of which 38.1 per cent. or 2,940 feet were payable with an average value of 362 inch-dwt.

The available ore reserve re-estimated at 31 December, 1958, totalled 7,331,000 tons, a decrease of 429,000 tons compared with the calculation at the previous year-end. The tonnage available on Kimberley Reef increased from 2,553,000 tons to 3,223,000 tons, but there was a decline of over a million tons in the reserve available on Main Reef from 4,840,000 tons to 3,817,000 tons, due to a decrease in block widths, to the limited number of development ends available at present, to the further extension of the longwall system of stoping at depth, and to losses resulting from an increased pay limit.

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Prizes to be divided equally between the entries printed; runners-up: Lyndon Irving, Stephen Gill, R. N. Exton, L. G. Udall, S. Gordon, W. G. Daish, H. A. C. Evans, P. W. R. Foot, Nancy Gunter and Jeremiah Sowerby.

I DONE IT WITH A HAY KNIFE

My love she has a laughing lip
Her follies to belie;
A dainty hand, a curving hip
And O, a roving eye!
With a hay down down, with a hay down down,
And O, a roving eye!

A prancing foot to spurn men's hearts,
A cheek of silken peach;
A lass she is of many parts
—But only one of each!
With a hay, etc.
But only one of each!

HAZEL ARCHARD

MODERN MUMMERZET VOAK-ZONG

As we zat in the Dragon, a-drinking of owre aale,
Old Jarge's cow coom deown the road, a-zwishing of her taail.
There coom a lorry raound the bend and coot her 'most in haaff;
The driver he fell on his head, and lard how us did laaff!

As we zat in the Dragon, a-drinking of owre zider,
A motor-cycle coom along, wi' a gurl vor pillion-rider.
They boomped into the lorry, and aal theyer boanes wuz broake,
An' lan'lord went vor to pick 'em oop—my wurd, it were a joake!
As we zat in the Dragon, a-drinking of owre beer,
A booss coom raound the carner, an' tuk lan'lord in the rear,
An' lan'lord he lay oonder booss, a-writhin' on his belly.
We aal agreed we niver seed nowt fonnier on the telly!

As we zat in the Dragon, a-drinking of owre stout,
The amb'lance men they brought 'em in, and maade to turn us out,
Zo us went deown unto the Crown, an' gave a hearty cheer
Vor Mister Heathcoat Amory an' tuppence aaf the beer.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

Now is the month of Maying
In 'Nine-ty-nine we're playing
With a fall-la-la-la-la-la-la
With a fall-la-la-la-lout.

Each with his bonny lass
Her heads upon the grass
With a fall-la-la,
La-la-la-la-la-la-la,
La-la-la-la-lout.

HUGH JENKINS

Dashing away with the smoothing iron
She scorched my best pants through;
I slammed her a thwack that ricked her back
And split her nose in two.

I kicked her down and I stripped her down,
My dainty honeymoon bride,
And ironed her skin from heel to chin
And scorched front, back and side.

She hollered and bawled so I burned her lips
And sizzled up her tongue,
Then I singed her hair till the head was bare,
And the eyeballs burst and sprung.

I ironed away for an hour or more
Till the flesh looked like dried figs;
But the half-cooked smell grew as sour as hell
So I threw her to the pigs.

SIMIA

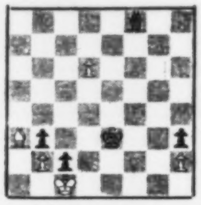
The Chess Board

No. 497. The Pieces Play For You

Indeed they do whenever we are fascinated by the seemingly miraculous precision of those symbols dancing around their 64 squares and expressing a study-composer's ideas in many a gracious way. As a matter of fact, my headline is the literal translation of *Schaakstukken Spelen U voor*, a most apt title for H. Bouwmeester's selection of endgame studies, each taking up a page or two elucidating not merely the solution but also its basic idea and the style of the piece and its author. In his English edition of the book (just published by *G. Bell* at 12*s.* 6*d.*). Harry Golombek has chosen the more matter-of-fact title *Modern Endgame Studies for the Chess-player*, and by adding some well selected pieces by Dawson and Joseph, as well as by Lommer, Blandford and Daniel he has given the "English School" its due. It would be churlish to bemoan the exclusion of this or that great composer; that would seem to be inevitable when the choice is limited to about 100 pieces, but some slight 'reshuffle' might benefit subsequent editions which, I hope, will also include the dates and sources unfortunately omitted in the present edition. Being myself most strongly and incorrigibly biased in favour of endgame studies—on account of their didactic no less than their aesthetic value—I cannot but welcome this book which should please the addict and provide the newcomer with the key to a new world of pleasure; and this, indeed, is one more reason for commending the wise limitation to 'miniatures' representing a varied selection of styles, types and ideas. A significant example is this well-known study by the brothers Sarytchev. /kt7/7k/4p3/B7/6Kt1/16/6K1/. The basic idea is simple and clear-cut enough to commend itself to the newcomer and to whet his appetite for more complex studies. Obviously the Black K must go to the rescue of his trapped Kt, and in that attempt he will be trapped in a mate. (1) Kt-K5, K-Kt2 (best); (2) B-Q8, K-B1; (3) K-B2, K-K1; (4) B-R5, K-K2; (5) K-K3, K-Q3; (6) K-Q4, and now the Kt can and must escape to B2, thereby sealing his monarch's fate by (7) B-Kt4 mate. And here, equally simple and instructive, is a delightful piece by Dawson. /3k4/2p2p2/2P2P2/3r4/4R3/16/4K3/. It might well be called 'the fateful pendulum' White's obvious method of winning being this: (1) R-QR4, K-K1, (2) R-R4, R-K4 ch; (3) K-Q2, K-Q1; (4) R-R4, R-Q4 ch; (5) K-K3, K-K1; (6) R-R4, R-K4 ch; (7) K-Q4, etc. And here a beauty by Havel: /24/K2k4/Q6B/16/7q/. The win is fairly self explanatory.

(1) Q-Q7 ch, K-B5; (2) Q-Kt5 ch, K-Q5; (3) B-B2 ch, K-B6; (4) B-K1 ch! K-Q5; (5) Q-Kt2 ch, K-B4; (6) Q-Kt6 ch, K-B5; (7) Q-Kt4 ch, K-Q6; (8) Q-B3 ch, K-K7; (9) Q-Q2 ch, etc.

A: F. Lazard



On this occasion I will rate **A** all of 5 points, and to make it tractable for beginners I will add the very useful hint that White will have to 'under-promote' his P so as to achieve the stalemate which is his only chance of a draw. **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 points) are both wins, the former a beautiful *zugzwang* piece, the latter rightly considered to amount to 'practically a textbook in R and P endings'.

B: Mattison: /8/kP6/2kt3P1/r5p1/8/3R4/4K3/8/.

C: Duras: /1K6/1P1k4/1P5B/24/4r1pR/8/. Usual prizes. Entries by 1 June.

REPORT on No. 494. Set 2 May.

A: (1) B-Kt5, QxB; (2) Q-B5 ch! QxQ. (3) RxR ch. KxR; (4) R-K8 mate.
B: (1) K-B2, P-R4; (2) P-Kt6, P-R5. (3) P-Kt7. P-R6; (4) P=B!, P-R7; (5) B-Q5 etc.
if (1) . . . PxP; (2) P-B6 P-Kt5; (3) P-B7. P-Kt6. (4) P=B!, P-Kt7 (5) BxP etc.
C: (1) Kt-K4, Q-R7 (best); (2) R-Kt5 ch, K-B1. (3) R-B5 ch K-K1; (4) R-KR5! Q-QKt7. (5) R-QKt5!, Q-KR7. (6) R-KR5 etc.

Many stumped by C. Some suggestions of (needlessly) amended version. Prizes: C. Allen, K. Beaumont. R. C. Chaturvedi, A. J. Roycroft, A. J. Sobey.

ASSIAC

City Lights

Mutual Assistance

The sprat that's meant to catch a mackerel has to be paid for, and the first result of the increase in IMF quotas is a bill for £58m in gold; the bill, though not due for some time yet, is to be settled by the Treasury this month. There are better reasons for this decision than the excessive scrupulousness of a reformed spendthrift. The gold reserve, for one thing, normally tends to rise strongly at this time of year. If there's £58m to pay, it's better to pay it while the money is coming in than, say, in September, when all sort of things may be happening – particularly since the gold reserve will also have to finance a large part of the £40m which other sterling area countries are expected to contribute. Again, the chap who is angling for the largest mackerel can hardly afford to be mean about sprats. Although one or two other countries have already stumped up, most of them are still stuck in the legislative preliminaries, and a pointedly good example may help to get them out quickly.

Finally, and most intangibly, there is the Federal Reserve Board. One factor in the present run on the dollar is that the world's central banks are beginning to switch out of dollars into the gold that will soon be due to the IMF. America's loss of gold will continue, whether or not the discount rate is raised again, until this switching is completed and each week's loss figures give fresh encouragement to the speculators. Since we are all concerned, sincerely and smugly, about the dollar, and since the channelling of speculation through the London market has landed Grandma with the invidious job of asking a disgruntled Fed for the gold which everyone else is hoarding, it would not be surprising if the government were ready to do its inexpensive bit towards ending this period of uncertainty.

* * *

The investment trusts – companies which use their capital to invest in securities – have been watching the unit trust boom with annoyance. If the small investor wants to be catered for, and we all know that the small investor isn't as small as all that, who can do the job better for him than investment trust managers and merchant banks? And there are other, less debatable directions in which the investment trusts can claim to have the edge on unit trusts: gearing, for example, or the provision of cheap fixed-interest capital to work for the dividends of ordinary shareholders; the freedom to invest in unquoted but profitable stocks; the fact that a proportion of earnings can be put to reserve to cushion dividends against circumstances.

The trouble is that the investment trusts are caged in a corner by a couple of accidents. The first is that their shares are traditionally valued in the market at a price some way below the market value of the underlying investments. This discount, the result of bitter experience in the past that gearing can work both ways, has been narrowing in the last few years of booming equities but in many cases it is still marked. The second accident is that the big insurance companies, presumably preferring the other man's investment expertise to their own, have gradually become the principal holders of investment trust shares. The market has therefore become extremely thin, and the investor who wants to buy any considerable number of the shares which his broker has so convincingly recommended may well have to put his name down and wait hopefully.

It is not difficult to see that these two accidents

COMPANY MEETINGS

"SHELL" TRANSPORT & TRADING

HIGHER VOLUME OF SALES

The Annual General Meeting of The "Shell" Transport & Trading Company Limited was held on 20 May in London.

The Right Hon. Lord Godber, chairman, in the course of his speech, said:

It is usual for me at the Annual General Meeting to supplement my written Statement, which has already been circulated to shareholders, with some comments on the most recent trading conditions, and on any major new developments over the past few weeks affecting the Royal Dutch/Shell Group of Companies.

In the first quarter of this year the volume of Group sales has been substantially higher than in the corresponding quarter of last year, but strong competition for markets continues to prevail, and this is reflected in prices and freights, which are constantly under pressure. We are not yet in a position to announce the financial results for the first quarter, but do expect to be able to publish them before the end of this month.

Future Security of Oil Supplies

The future security of oil supplies has been questioned from time to time, not only in so far as the energy needs of this country are concerned, but also in regard to Europe and elsewhere. The maintenance of a steady flow of oil is at least as much in the interest of the producing as it is of the consuming countries. One cannot and should not be dogmatic on this question, but I feel confident that it is reasonable to assume that the oil industry will be able to meet the continuing requirements of the market without undue difficulty. In this connection it is reassuring that potential supplies from various areas, including entirely new areas, have never in the history of the industry been at a higher level than at present, and that the surplus world tanker capacity, in spite of the financial problems to which it gives rise, does provide a considerably greater flexibility in supply and transportation than has ever existed before.

Just as the conduct of ordinary business transactions between individuals in a domestic market depends upon the observance of contracts, so of course the maintenance of international trading relations and the encouragement of foreign investment requires that all parties should carry out in good faith the agreements which they make. In the course of the last year several authoritative statements and decisions have been made by international legal bodies, re-affirming the rule of international law that contracts must be fulfilled. This rule is indeed not only part of the common law of nations, but has been embodied in a number of bilateral treaties. Private capital investment has played and should continue to play a most important role in promoting the economic and social welfare of those countries now seeking more rapid development. The flow of such investment, and indeed of international trade generally, would be still further encouraged by multilateral arrangements between states, providing machinery for international judicial settlement in the case of disputes arising out of trading and similar agreements.

Offer for Canadian Eagle

You will doubtless have read of the proposal which your Company has made, in conjunction with Royal Dutch Petroleum Co., to acquire the assets and business of Canadian Eagle. If the offer is accepted, it will involve the distribution by Shell Transport of 5,956,518 fully-paid ordinary shares to Canadian Eagle shareholders. The issue of these shares is within the total amount of shares authorized, and the necessary official permits have been obtained.

The Eagle Group of Companies had its beginnings in 1901, when Weetman Pearson, later Lord Cowdray, secured oil concessions in Mexico, which he subsequently developed into the operations of Mexican Eagle. A close association between the Eagle companies and the Royal Dutch/Shell Group of companies began some 40 years ago, when the two enterprises joined forces in operations in the United Kingdom, and subsequently in South America. It is in these areas that the association of the two enterprises continues to this day, and it is my view that, if this amalgamation of interests is accomplished, all concerned should benefit. It should add strength to the international operations of the Group; at the same time those who are now Canadian Eagle shareholders will, by means of the transaction, widen the sphere of their participation in the international oil industry.

The report and accounts were adopted.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

FACTORS AFFECTING PROFITS

The 32nd annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., was held on 14 May in London.

Sir Alexander Fleck, K.B.E., F.R.S., chairman, in the course of his speech said: By comparison with 1957 the results for 1958 were disappointing; the gross sales of the Group were unchanged, but trading profits before taxation were £10 million less, and after taxation they were £5 million less. It has been explained in the Annual Report that part of the reduction in profits can be attributed to increased costs, due to the operation below full capacity of a number of plants, some of recent construction and some recently extended. In addition to this, competition – particularly in overseas markets – has led to reduction in the prices of some of our products in order to maintain the volume of business. A further factor accounting for about £2 million of the reduction in gross profit is the additional depreciation charged as a result of the revaluation of assets at the beginning of 1958, which is explained in some detail in the Annual Report.

No Reason to be Discouraged

I have said that the results are disappointing, but we should not be discouraged. It is natural in any manufacturing industry which has to invest very large sums in plant and machinery that a failure of turnover to rise should result in a decline in profits, particularly when the capital invested is large in relation to turnover, as it is in our case. The converse, however, is also likely to be true; if the profits are sensitive to turnover then an upward movement of turnover is likely to be reflected in a more than proportional increase in profits. For many of our products there has been a steady upward trend of demand over the years. We are confident that with our continuing efforts to keep up the quality of the Company's products and to develop sales in export markets all over the world, plants which in 1958 were not fully occupied will, as and when demand expands, be working at or near full capacity with a favourable effect upon profits.

The amount spent by the Company on new plant and machinery in 1958 at £45 million was some £5 million less than in 1957. The amount of new capital expenditure already sanctioned but not actually spent at the end of the year, at £50 million, was somewhat less than in earlier years.

Prospects for 1959

Let me say how much we welcome the tax reductions which have been announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Even after this reduction our tax burdens remain among the heaviest in the world, and we hope that we can regard the 1959 reduction as just one step towards bringing them down to levels nearer to those of some of our competitors in Continental Europe. The immediate cash advantage of the reduction of 9d in the £ on income tax goes at once to Stockholders in the lower amount of tax deducted from dividends payable after April 1959. In the long run, however, the Company will gain materially both from this reduction and from the conversion of a substantial proportion of the initial allowance into investment allowance. The direct advantage to the Company is important, but so also will be the indirect advantage which the extra purchasing power will give to the buyers of the Company's products, who will not only benefit themselves but we hope will be stimulated to expand their activities to take up some of the slack in the economy, and help to bring more employment in those areas which have been the worst hit by the recession of 1958.

It is too early to forecast with confidence the likely outcome for 1959. Some industries which are our customers remain rather depressed; others are more buoyant. Up to the present, turnover in 1959, in both home and export markets, has been somewhat above that for 1958, but it would be wise to await the announcement of the results of the first half year, instead of drawing any conclusions from an early and tentative statement such as this.

So far as exports are concerned some markets remain difficult, but others have been rather more open than they were in 1958. An interesting development has been a substantial expansion in what has been, and still is, a modest amount of trade with the countries of Eastern Europe. Taking a long view, these countries should become valuable additional markets for a growing range of our products.

Keen competition will continue to be met in 1959, but I have no doubt that we shall continue to make good progress in the months and years that lie ahead.

The report was adopted.

COMPANY MEETING

LONDON AND MANCHESTER ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

RECORD RESULTS ACHIEVED

BONUS DISTRIBUTIONS INCREASED

LORD GRANTCHESTER'S TRIBUTE TO THE STAFF

The 90th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of London and Manchester Assurance Company Limited was held on 14 May in London.

The RIGHT HON. LORD GRANTCHESTER, O.B.E., the chairman, who presided, said:—

It is customary for a chairman's speech to end with an expression of thanks to the staff for their work during the year under review. On this occasion, as I shall be mentioning records achieved all round, I should like to start with a reference of gratitude to the management and staff in all grades.

Records in all Branches

I should like to enumerate the records to which I have referred:—

INDUSTRIAL LIFE BRANCH:	
New sums assured	£6,886,000
Cost of bonus	£731,000
ORDINARY LIFE BRANCH:	
New sums assured	£6,180,000
Rate of bonus	£2 5s. 0d.%
FIRE AND GENERAL BRANCH:	
Premium income	£407,000
RATE OF INTEREST earned on funds, gross	£6 1s. 6d.%

Increased Bonus Distributions

One of the results of the higher earnings on the funds is that all profit-sharing policies, whether by contract as in the ordinary branch or by special declaration as in the industrial branch, benefit this year from increased bonus distributions.

Importance of Saving

We welcome the reliefs to the taxpayer in the current Budget. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has left himself the task of finding during the year, otherwise than by taxation, £721m. If this is not matched by increased saving we shall find ourselves again in the throes of inflation caused by an increase in the money supply by the Government. Our role as an institution which attracts and encourages saving is extremely important to the economy as well as to the sense of security of our policy-holder customers.

Latent Dangers

Unfortunately, in the event of a change of Government as a result of the approaching general election, we should apparently have to face interference with what we consider sound principles of investment as well as other more vaguely expressed threats in a new assault to concentrate more power in the hands of the Government. We are warned in 'The future Labour offers you', their recently issued pamphlet, that 'through the budget and key controls, Labour will ensure that this vital expansion programme is not held up by lack of money and equipment, or by any timidity on the part of managers or investors'. We are concerned that the funds and their management in which our policyholders are vitally interested should not be put in jeopardy by experiments which, in our view, could not be more ill-advised. We should not be doing our duty to those whom we serve if we did not refer to this danger.

The depreciation which has been suffered by investors in Government securities compared with the rise in the value of investments in privately managed industries should serve as a warning. Nor has any satisfactory system of accountability been devised in the nationalised industries comparable to that of shareholder control in private industry.

Interim Dividend

The interim dividend is now somewhat out of line with the final dividend. In order to lessen the disparity it is our intention this year to pay an interim dividend of 2s. per share on 30 November next.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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considerably cramp the style of the investment trusts when it comes to expansion. Launching a new trust is a chancy business. Its shares, like the shares of other investment trusts, are likely to be quoted at a discount on the value of its assets as soon as market dealings begin and the subscriber's paper will then immediately become worth less than he paid for it. Nor can the investment trust managers get rid of the institutional old men of the sea on their backs simply by increasing their capital. A new issue of shares cannot be made to the general public, since it would infringe the rights of existing holders, and an issue to existing holders leaves things where they were.

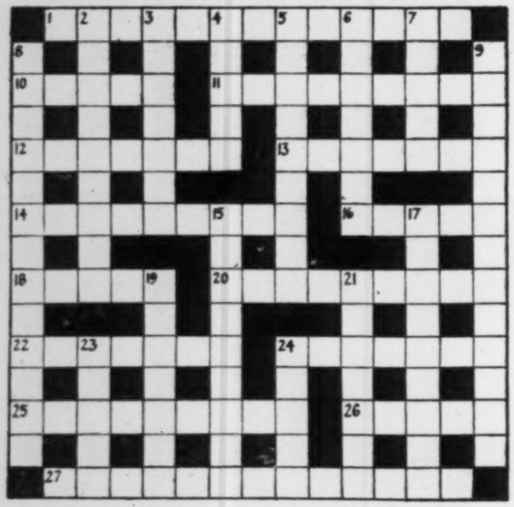
One merchant bank, fed up with watching the success of the unit trusts, is planning a dash for freedom from this cage. It has picked on an investment trust it manages – a trust whose shares stand at a relatively small discount in the market and which, since there are representatives of other merchant banks on its board, can appropriately be used as a test case. New shares in this trust are to be offered to the general public at a price calculated by a special formula designed to respect the rights of existing shareholders: the general public, that is, are to be invited to buy new shares at a price higher than that at which the old shares are standing in the market. Trust managers will all be waiting anxiously to see if this simple device succeeds and if the small investor is really as foolish an animal as there is every reason to suppose he is.

The rest of the week has been a hotch-potch. The six members of Little Europe have had their first serious quarrel; over the proposal to introduce international production and import quotas for coal. Short-term rates are rising in the US, and another rise in the official discount rate is expected at any moment. Odhams has at last joined the fight for Newnes – Mr King of the *Mirror* was always anxious that it shouldn't change hands too cheaply – and the Standard-Rover merger, the terms of which were given by one enterprising newspaper a few days ago, is now definitely off. The Stock Exchange is again considering mechanising its paper work at some future date, and the steel companies are secretly debating the question of a price cut: raw material costs have fallen sharply, but there is the cost of the advertising campaign to consider.

TAURUS

Week-end Crossword 356

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 356, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 2 June.



ACROSS

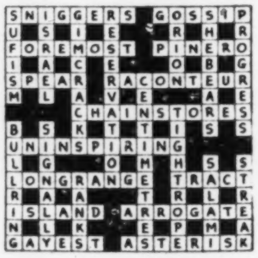
1. Stimulant for sailors using sense (13).
10. Swearing is nothing at the high school (5).
11. Is including a party afterwards for enthusiastic admirers (9).
12. Marx on a means of killing (7).
13. Play chosen before a god (7).
14. Means of support for an editor going round the States (9).
16. A cloth for [illegible] the returned collection (5).
18. A little figure in a group (5).
20. Hatches in a revolutionary country before the setback (9).
22. 'His countenance, like richest ——, Will change to virtue and to worthiness' (*J. Caesar*) (7).
24. The goal-keeper has to stop something coming along the lines (7).
25. Tiny pages translated for foreigners (9).
26. Violently as an ocean (5).
27. Basically the last word between the source of money and the account (13).

DOWN

2. Travellers love a mountain in the clouds (9).
3. Love smiles strangely for the nimble (7).
4. Thessalian who was bound to turn (5).
5. Eric got me involved in using simple figures (9).
6. The literary fragment puts a man into an insect (7).
7. River for Nell (5).
8. Worldly-wise and fully satisfied about the work on man's convulsive movement (13).
9. Turn the tables and make them sin capriciously for the recognised order (13).
15. Potentially am fair and dry for a place in the country (9).
17. A torrent after changing course within the embankment (9).
19. Gave free medical attention? (7).
21. Two pieces of music on a girl's name (7).
23. Climbing up after the shy animal (5).
24. Something used in the kitchen makes the bachelor go wrong (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 354



S	N	I	G	G	E	R	S	■	G	O	S	S	I	P
U	■	S	■	I	■	E	■	■	■	R	■	H	■	R
F	O	R	E	M	O	S	T	■	P	I	N	E	R	O
I	■	A	■	C	■	E	■	■	■	O	■	B	■	G
S	P	E	A	R	■	R	A	C	O	N	T	E	U	R
M	■	L	■	A	■	V	■	E	■	■	■	A	■	E
■	■	■	■	C	H	A	I	N	S	T	O	R	E	S
B	■	S	■	K	■	T	■	T	■	I	■	S	■	S
U	N	I	N	S	P	I	R	I	N	G	■	■	■	■
L	■	G	■	■	■	O	■	M	■	H	■	S	■	S
L	O	N	G	R	A	N	G	E	■	T	R	A	C	T
R	■	A	■	A	■	■	■	T	■	R	■	L	■	R
I	S	L	A	N	D	■	A	R	R	O	G	A	T	E
N	■	L	■	K	■	■	■	E	■	P	■	M	■	A
G	A	Y	E	S	T	■	A	S	T	E	R	I	S	K

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 354

Miss Jean Hope (*Carlisle*)
Michael V. Cassar (*Malta*)
C. Arnheim (*London NW3*)

PERSONAL

OFFSPRING in Finsbury Park area. Would another mother or so co-operate with advertiser (sons 2½ & 3 mths) so that occas. off-duty may be had by all. Box 8716.

WOULD anyone give home to or suggest help for, unmarried foreign girl (Eng.-speaking) with two babies? Box 8642.

YOUNG Polish girl avail. for 6 months August to live in Engl. family to perfect knowl. Engl. Fully comp. household duties, care babies. Usual terms. Box 8494.

FRENCH Assistant (f.) at Brit. University free from 25 May sks 'au pair' job family pref. Lond.; coach. French. Box 8672.

2 girl students from a Teachers' College in Denmark wd like job in England from 15 June to 15 Aug., to learn English. Willing do housework, nursing, &c. Box 8273.

STUDENT seeks work Aug./Sept. Anything considered (good driver). Box 8587.

FLORENCE by TR2. 1 seat 1 way only. Mid June. Share expenses. Box 8611.

PIANIST, LRAM, 17 years' experience abroad, receives and visits pupils any grade. Tel. MIL. 4958.

YOUNG man, well educated, 4 languages, driver, broke, seeks profit and/or travel Aug./Sept. Box 8482.

ACCOM. offered to respectable lady, exch. for companionship to invalid lady. 40 Chapman Crescent, Kenton, Middx.

FRUSTRATED sun-worshipping timid briefcase sandwich-type bachelor failure of 35, £200 capital. wants to be rich or happy, or both; practical suggestions for career please, pref. outdoor. Box 8632.

GIRL seeks car seat to Vienna, late July. Share costs. EDG. 5670.

HEAVENLY Lakeland hols at down-to-earth prices. Full furn rms, sep. k., b., g. Rigg Beck, Newlands. Tel. Braithwaite 227.

1960 summer let, 20-rm hse, eqp. for 25. Aga, h. & c., lin. 50 gns. p.w. Above.

AUGUST, seaside holidays for children, 6-14 years, 5 gns. weekly. Merland House, 130 Dorset Road, Bexhill.

ARCHITECT-Landscape Architect will purchase: land/farm with or without buildings within 50 miles London, superior 1950-1959 car, vintage condition, modern furniture/household effects. Box 8547.

KILTIE 30 considering hitching abroad mid-July sks compan. (m.). Wd share car exp. Non-driver, swim, theatre. Box 8643.

TEACHER seeks part-time holiday post seaside/country for Aug./Sept. Can type and cook. Box 8638.

ANGLO-Jewish gentleman is forming small exclusive discussion circle (25-45 age group) central London. If interested, please write, with particulars, to Box 8586.

SHORT Story Writing. Personal tuition until successful by world's leading authors. Details free. Premier School of Journalism Ltd, Dept ST.1, 53 Fleet St, London, EC4.

EXTENSIVE list of guaranteed perfect LP records from 10s. upwards; some imports. Michael Thomas, 48 Harrowby St, W1.

CANAL/River. Family explrg S. Mids canals/Thames, 7-21 Aug., have 3/4 vacs. m/cruiser, £18 per adult, plus food/pet., £25. Chdn ppn. BM/ROSSALL, WC1.

INTERNATIONAL Voluntary Service, 72 Oakley Square, London, NW1. Flood Emergency. Volunteers wanted at once for unpaid manual work in the Le Gard district of France. Free maintenance. International Voluntary Service, 72 Oakley Sq, London, NW1

FRENCH medieval tower for sale, 60 miles Bordeaux, Dordogne Valley, electricity, garage, water from well, no English spoken. £1,000. Box 8598.

WEEKENDS: 5 June 'Learning a Language' & 'Painting'; 12 'The Art of Living'; 19 'Midsummer Music & Poetry'. Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

'THE most exciting theatrical venture in this country', said Alec Guinness of the Questors New Theatre. You can help to build it. New members welcome to help build new theatre of unique design, now being constructed by voluntary labour. Meanwhile productions continue in old theatre. Details: Questors Little Theatre, Mattock Lane, Ealing. EAL. 5184.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

WHY travel abroad when you can meet people from all parts of the world at the All Nations Social Club in Central London? Sub. 10s. p.a. Meetings, dancing, table tennis, snack bar, etc. Details All Nations Social Club, 83 Chiltern St, London, W1.

SOMETHING to their advantage? Parents seeking imaginative but sound prep. schooling for boys, invited to write Box 7916. Opening planned January, 1960, accessible country area.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193).

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also small Hall & Committee Rooms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

PERSONAL—continued

GARDEN Bazaar for Nuclear Disarmament, 2 Keats Grove, Hampstead. Sat. 23 May 2.30 to 6 p.m. Opened by Dr Winifred de Kok. Children's clothes, toys, household goods, etc. Everything good, new and special. Org. by Hampstead CND Women's Cttee.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 2 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

SOCIOLOGY, psychology, discussion, dancing, music, play-reading, writing, rambling – are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write The Court Surgical Stores Ltd, 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester 2, for our price list of our surgical goods.

A FRIENDLY, informal society through which members meet at theatres, concerts, opera, ballet, exhibitions, dances, etc. Send s.a.e. to The Companions Club, 11(S) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, W1.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, journals, articles, books. Box 8524.

AUTHOR/Journalist (successful but with some free time) seeks part-time occupation. Comprehensive commercial/editorial/secretarial exper. Car owner. Ex-Public schl. Moderate travel not objected to. Box 8293.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni, WEL. 6655 for details.

HOMOSEXUALITY calls for understanding, not persecution. If you think that the law should be changed, write to: – The Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

GERMAN, all levels, classes & private lessons. Social activities with German students. Ashley College: GER. 8782.

VISAPHONE for Foreign Languages: 9 LP records & 2 bks in case. French & German, 8 gns. Interpret for Foreign Holidays: 3 LP records & 2 bks. French, Spanish, Italian and German. £3 10s. Free trial, post free. No deposit. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone NS) 10 Bayley St WC1. MUS 7223

TV urgently needs scripts! Our correspondence course can teach you to earn big money by writing TV scripts that sell. Individual and practical coaching by experts. Free Prospectus from Department 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley Street, London, W1.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

50 to 1500 books from MS at low cost by print-like IBM typing. Broadacre Books Ltd, Morley St, Bradford 7.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also paying sm. contrib. for board & lodg. & offering 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

DAVIES Investments Limited, Bankers, still offer 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% on each £500 unit – details from Investment Dept N, Davies Investments Ltd, Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, WC2.

STORIES and Articles invited for immediate submission to editors. 10% commission basis. Unsuitable MSS. are returned with criticism and guidance. Return postage essential. Literary Agency Ltd, 8 Blenheim Street, Mayfair, W1.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 333/46 Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

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cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

SWARTHMORE
EDUCATIONAL CENTRE, LEEDS

Applications are invited from University Graduates for the post of full-time Warden of Swarthmore, which is a voluntary, non-residential Centre for Adult Education, founded in 1909. Salary scale: Men £1,260 × £31 to £1,417; Women £1,008 × £25 to £1,134 plus equal pay instalments. The post is superannuable. The appointment is from 1 September.

Particulars from the Hon. Secretary, Swarthmore, 3 & 4 Woodhouse Square, Leeds 3, to whom applications should be sent by 8 June 1959.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Australia. Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Economics. Applications are invited for the above position. Duties will include both internal and external teaching. Grants to assist research are available. Commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience, within the range of £A2,200 × 80 – £2,600 (Senior Lecturer), or £A1,500 × 90 – £2,100 (Lecturer). In addition a cost of living allowance is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house. Further information and the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Registrar, University of New England, Armidale, NSW, Australia, or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 6 July 1959.

CANBERRA University College, Australia. Deputy Librarian. Applications are invited for appointment to the new post of Deputy Librarian in the Library of the Canberra University College. Salary range: £A2,013-£2,313 per annum with four annual increments of £75. The College Library has at present some 54,000 volumes, mostly in the fields of Arts, Commerce, Law, Science and Oriental Studies, and the rate of accessions is approximately 8,000 volumes a year. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London, on 11 July 1959.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Australia. Lecturer in Economic History. Applications are invited for the above position. Duties will include both internal and external teaching. Grants to assist research are available. Commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience within the range of £A1,500 × 90 – £2,100. In addition, a cost of living allowance is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house. Further information and the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Registrar, University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales, Australia, or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 6 July 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Lectureship in Psychology. The University invites applications for the above position. The salary scales for Lecturers are Grade II £A1,450 – 60 – £1,630 and Grade I £A1,630 – 60 – £2,050 p.a. Appointment will be offered within the range for Lecturers Grade I or Grade II, according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London, on 6 July 1959.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for appointment as Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in the Department of Economics and Commerce at a salary within the range £700-£850 a year for an Assistant Lecturer or £900 × £50 – £1,350 (efficiency bar) × £75—£1,650 a year, for a Lecturer. Candidates should have a particular interest in economic theory and preferably some acquaintance with statistical method as used in economics. Applications (three copies), stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), by 13 June 1959.

CHRISTIAN bookseller (25-40), unmarried, wanted to pioneer extension of chain of bookshops under Inter-Church Literature Committee affiliated to Near East Christian Council. Qualifications: Christian vision, initiative, ability to see such work as service for God. Good head for figures and book-keeping/accountancy experience. Knowledge of current English literature and Continental books. Advantageous extras: teaching experience; car driver with knowledge of car maintenance. Further information from: Candidates Secretary, CMS, 6 Salisbury Square, London, EC4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Programme Assistant (male) in the Bulgarian Section. Requirements include Bulgarian as mother tongue and good knowledge of English, ability to translate accurately and rapidly from each language to the other, to read fluently in Bulgarian at the microphone and to write original material. Candidates should have interest in international affairs and good knowledge of contemporary conditions in Bulgaria. Journalistic or radio experience an advantage. Shortlisted candidates will be required to take voice and written tests. Appointment normally for three years with possibility of extension. Salary £960 per annum with prospects of promotion during engagement. Detailed applications giving full particulars of education, career, etc., to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within seven days marked G.1056 N.Stm. Please enclose addressed envelope for notice of result.

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in Music. Salary on scale £700 to £850, with appropriate placing. FSSU and child allowance. Particulars from the Secretary, The University, Aberdeen, with whom applications (2 copies) should be lodged by 5 June 1959.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited for a Research Assistant in the Government Research Division to work on administrative tribunals. Legal qualifications would be an advantage. Salary scale £450 × £25 – £525 a year. Starting salary according to age and qualifications. Applications, including a statement of the candidate's field of interest, should be received by the Secretary, Government Research Division, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London, WC2, not later than 3 June 1959.

RAMPTON Hospital, Retford, Notts. Qualified Head Teacher (Woman) age 25-45 required for teaching and training small group of mentally defective children of varying mental grades and of selected young female adults whose mental defect shows itself mainly in disordered conduct. Salary: Burnham rate for Special Schools and Head Teacher allowance. Special pensionable allowance of £55 p.a. also payable. Post is superannuable under Teachers' Superannuation Act 1925 and 1956. Maximum teaching hours 25½ a week plus usual incidental duties. Board and lodging available for single person if required. Candidates may visit the Hospital by appointment. Application forms and further particulars from Secretary, Ministry of Health (Room 534), Savile Row, London, W1. Closing date for completed forms: 12 June 1959.

LONDON County Council, Children's Department. Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Chief Inspector in the Children's Department. This is a new appointment and the selected candidate will be required: (1) To advise the Children's Officer on the professional aspects of child care work throughout the department, with particular reference to family casework and the care of children in foster homes and in residential establishments. (2) To co-ordinate and direct the work of four Inspectors of Child Care who carry out the more detailed aspects of the duties outlined above within certain prescribed limits. Candidates should have high professional qualifications as well as wide experience in child care, preferably in a senior position within a large organisation comparable to the Council. (Applications submitted in response to the earlier advertisements will be reconsidered; no fresh application is necessary). Salary £1,850-£2,150. Application forms from Children's Officer (CH/E.1/959), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 30 May 1959.

CHILD Welfare Officers. Applications invited by the LCC from suitably qualified persons for positions of Child Welfare Officer to be based on an Area Children's Office in Bethnal Green, (subject to Council's right to transfer staff to other areas). They will deal with reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision and other field work associated with deprived children. Area for reception purposes covers the City of London and Boroughs of Bethnal Green, Poplar and Stepney, but children under supervision are placed in wider area including residential establishments outside London and foster homes in Southend, East Essex and Suffolk. Considerable travelling involved, and ability to drive highly desirable. Assistance towards cost of driving tuition available. Caseloads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer. Candidates should have previous experience in child care or allied social work. Possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or other appropriate academic qualification an advantage. Students completing Social Studies courses are invited to apply, pending examination results. £630-£927 10s. commencing according to qualifications and experience. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Child Welfare Officer positions (£815-£1,140). Application forms (returnable by 6 June) and other details from Children's Officer (CH/EI/1076), County Hall, SE1.

YOUTH leader, qualified and experienced, required for new full-time mixed youth club at Street, Somerset, opening in early autumn. Married man, whose wife is interested in the work essential. Salary £750 p.a. plus living accommodation. Pension scheme available. Apply in writing, with fullest details of age, experience and qualifications, and with names of three referees to Mr. L. Mills, Area Youth Organiser, 2 Market Place, Frome, Somerset. (Second Advertisement)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST Sussex County Education Committee. St Cuthman's School, near Midhurst. Resident Headmaster or Headmistress required for this mixed residential school for 90-100 educationally sub-normal children. The salary is in accordance with Burnham Group 3 (S) with residential emoluments. A special qualification for this work would be an advantage. There are also vacancies for a senior and an assistant mistress on the staff for which the wives of suitable candidates could be considered. Application form, returnable by 8 June, from Director of Education, County Hall, Chichester. C. W. W. Read, Director of Education.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Child Care Officer to undertake special responsibilities under the Adoption Act, 1958. Certificate in Central Training in Child Care and/or a social science qualification desirable and experience in adoption work essential. Salary £765. Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 15 June 1959.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric social workers required for work with team dealing, under general direction of consultant psychiatrist, with care and after-care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness, in interesting and expanding field of psychiatric social work. Whitley salary £610-£845 plus London Weighting and conditions. Secretarial assistance provided. Particulars and appln form from Med. Officer of Health (PH/D. 1/1065), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 1 June.

SALOP County Council. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work as a member of the Authority's Child Guidance Team. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Scale £610 to £845. Travelling and subsistence. Forms of application and conditions of service from County Medical Officer, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

HOSTEL for Working Boys (ESN School Leavers). Applications are invited for the posts of Warden and Matron of an experimental Hostel at Blackheath for Educationally Sub-normal working boys. Married couples preferred but applications from single persons will be considered. It is hoped to appoint a Warden with teaching or other appropriate training; experience in special or approved schools an advantage. Salary according to qualifications and experience: qualified teachers will be paid the equivalent of Burnham scale. Matron's scale £495 × £20 – £555 less £116 for emoluments. Combined salary by arrangement. There is a social worker attached to the Hostel and staff Case Conferences are held with consultant psychiatrist and psychologist. Application forms and further particulars from: The General Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, W1.

CAMBRIDGE House (The Incorporated Cambridge University Settlement), requires an Assistant Director of Group Activity. This post, which becomes vacant on 1 September, 1959, provides an excellent opportunity to gain experience in Boys' Club and Community Centre work. Applicants should write as soon as possible to The Head of Cambridge House, 131, Camberwell Road, London, SE5.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

NORTH Kensington Marriage Welfare Centre (a branch of the Family Planning Association) requires an organizing secretary, a married woman aged 35-50, experienced in social work, administration and public relations. Salary according to qualifications. Apply, in writing only, by 7 June, to The Chairman, 12 Telford Road, Ladbroke Grove, W10.

TUTOR required for pupil studying for GCE French and Latin. Two weekly lessons of 1½ hrs each preferred. Evenings only. Please apply Box 8497.

ASSISTANT Organising Secretary for well-known Edinburgh Charity, preferably with University qualification in Social Study. Interesting and progressive post. Apply Box 149, Robertson & Scott, 42 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

RELIABLE, competent secretary, American or British born, with some knowledge of German, wanted by American pharmaceutical house with offices in Munich. Apply with curriculum vitae to Box No. 281/598 rue Vivienne 17, Paris (France). Interviews in Munich, Paris, Brussels or London.

ADMIN. sec. 26/30, educated & capable, for architectural firm W1. Sal. to 11 gns. Portman Bureau 78 George St W1. HUN. 0676

NAT. Society for Mentally Handicapped Children reqs intell. adapt. shorthand/typist. Intg varied work, pleas. atmosphere. Write: Gen. Sec., 162a The Strand, WC2.

SKILLED shorthand-typist secretary needed. Fascinating social research and training work. Apart from technical excellence, must be genuinely concerned with people, and preferably alive. Please write Box 8618.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CO-OPERATIVE College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics. Principal: R. L. Marshall, OBE, MA. This College for residential courses for adults in Management, Secretaryship and Social Studies requires a tutor to teach within the range of Economics, Social Economics and Economics of Business Organisation and to be responsible immediately or in due course for some subject of special Co-operative interest. The post will also include some responsibility for correspondence courses and summer schools outside the College. The tutor will also be expected to undertake research in a Co-operative field for which facilities will be provided and for which any necessary adjustment of teaching duties will be made. Salary based on Burnham Technical Scale (for graduates) Grade 'A' or 'B' i.e. a basic of £550 plus £25 to £975 or £725 plus £25 to £1,100 (plus 5% addition to scale); scale and commencing salary in accordance with experience and qualifications. Accommodation may be available if required. Application forms, obtainable from the College, must be returned not later than 10 June, 1959.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Fine Art. Applications are invited for appointment as Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Fine Art, at a salary on the scale £700 × £50—£850 a year, according to qualifications and experience. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than 20 June 1959.

INTERNATIONAL trade union organisation (headquarters London) requires Secretary for its Director of Regional Affairs. Fluent knowledge French and English (Spanish an advantage) and good shorthand/typing speeds essential. Must also be capable of working independently. Excellent prospects for right applicant; superannuation and holiday bonus schemes in force. Write, stating salary requirements, to Box 8613.

SECRETARY wanted for interesting administrative post in Education Department, Zoological Society of London. The work demands a methodical approach and good typing experience. Shorthand an advantage but not essential. Five-day week; salary on scale to £11 12s. 6d. per week. Apply Establishments Officer, Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, NW1.

EDITOR of magazine dealing principally with the arts requires first-class secretary. Some editorial experience desirable, shorthand typing essential. Please write giving details of previous experience, salary required, age, etc., to Box 8671.

INTERNATIONAL Union Against Tuberculosis, 15 Rue Pomereu, Paris (16), is seeking immediately secretary with good knowledge of French and experience office organisation. Please address offers to above. Interview within week in London.

SOME unusually attractive secretarial posts are available for educated women at starting salaries of £600 to £700 p.a. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217.

BOOKSHOP: Girl required for second-hand bookshop until the autumn. Mornings only, £5 p.w. Holiday arrangements respected. Apply by letter only, to J. R. Lloyd, 64 High St, Wimbledon Common.

BRAZIERS requires resident secretary interested outdoor work part-time; also handyman. Write Warden, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

CONGENIAL Nannie wanted to look after Architect's children, nearly 4 and 2, while wife in hospital for some months. Good accommodation in pleasant house with garden in Kensington. Full-time domestic help kept. Applicants should have had previous experience, though not necessarily formal training. Good humour and reliability more important. Please telephone FREmantle 8620.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YNG man, 24, P.Sch, 5 yrs building industry, prac. knowledge farming, GCE, wide cultural & sports int., passion for boats & Bach, sks interesting position SE. Box 8495.

CLINICAL psychologist, MA, 3 yrs' art training, female, seeks work juven. delinquency, art therapy, art/crafts teaching, research (vision, æsthetics, other); temp./perm., non-resid.; commute Lond. Box 8580.

GENERAL help, 30 hrs weekly. Prefers gardening, willing little domestic or cooking. Accommodation & small wage. SE Surrey or near. Box 8697.

GERMAN girl, 23, seeks domestic post, full-time. Au Pair. Excell. refs. Windsor Agency, 6 Lincoln Hatch, Burnham, Bucks.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 744

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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LUNCH-Time Language Courses in French, German, Spanish & Russian 12-2 p.m. Direct method. Small groups. St. Giles' School of Languages, 64-66, Oxford Street, London, W1. MUS. 4574.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

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Write for prospectus to The Organising Secretary, Box 5, 20 Denmark Street, London, WC2.

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Details from the Warden.

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NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept, 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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27 & 29 May at 7	Der Rosenkavalier
28 May at 6	Parsifal (in German)
30 May at 7	Last perf. of Aida (in Italian)

COV. 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672

Monday, 25 May, for Two Weeks Only

Evenings 7.30, Mats Sats 2.30

BALLET RAMBERT

A NEW PLAY-IN-MUSIC
'THE BORDERLINE'

Comedy by David Holbrook
Music by Wilfrid Mellers
With children from the
Children's Opera Group

EDNA GRAHAM, CATHERINE LAWSON, THOMAS GAMBOLD, ANDREW GOLD, NORMAN TATTERSALL

With the support of the Arts Council
SCALA THEATRE, LONDON

4, 5, 6 JUNE, at 7.30. Mat. Sat. 2.30
Tkts 21s., 17s. 6d., 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., available from the Box Office, Scala Theatre, Charlotte Street, W1.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu.-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'Ulysses in Nighttown.' Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 5th wk. 11th Ed Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems. ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sats 5 & 8.15, Mats. Thurs. 2.30. 'Orpheus Descending by Tennessee Williams.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973, 8. Sat. 5 & 8. Brendan Behan's 'The Hostage'.

TOWER. 7.30. 22, 23 (mems 24), 28, 29, 30 May: 'The Wedding' & 'Miss Julie'. —CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY Theatre, EUS. 5391. 'The Risen People', new play, Fr. St. Sn. 7.45 Mems.

CONCERTS

EMMA Cons Hall, Morley College, Friday, 29 May, at 8 p.m. George Malcolm: Harpsichord. Morley College Choir and Wind directed by P. Racine Fricker. Works by Bach, Scarlatti, Monteverdi, etc. Killmayer Schafer (first performances). Tickets 5s. & 3s. 6d. from Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1. WAT. 6872.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 24 May: Clair's 'Porte Des Lilas' (U), Jenning's 'London Can Take It' (U). From 25 May: Clair's 'An Italian Straw Hat' (U), Chaplin's 'Champion Charlie' (U).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/comm. 24 May, Gene Kelly, 'Marjorie Morningstar' (A). Also 'The James Dean Story' (U).

SATYAJIT Ray's 'Pathar Panchali' (English sub-titles) Royal Commonwealth Society Assembly Hall, Northumberland Avenue. WC2. Thursday, 28 May at 7 p.m. Tickets available from: India Film Society, 31a John Adam Street, WC2. Prices: 2s., 3s., 4s. Members; 1s. extra guests.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Sat. 23 May, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. & their guests 5s.

COMPANIONS Club 'Get Together' Social and Dance, St Pancras Town Hall, Friday, 29 May, 8.30-11 p.m. 9s. at door. Phone GER. 3063 for details.

DANCE. International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sat. 23 May, 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important new acquisitions – Bonnard, Cezanne, Gauguin, Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Van Gogh, Vlaminck, etc. New sculpture by Henry Moore. Over 90 works for sale. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

First National
EDUCATION & CAREERS EXHIBITION
National Hall, Olympia

Numerous demonstration classes, theatre and cinema performances daily. Celebrity lectures, closed-circuit television.

Open 26 May – 5 June 10 a.m.-10 p.m.
(Closed Sunday. Ends 6 p.m., 5 June.)

Admission 2s. 6d.

GANYMED'S new reproduction Velazquez The Immaculate Conception 66s. (tax 7s. 10d.) from all good printshops or 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'The Developing Process'. New possibilities in art teaching. Until 30 May. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

BETTER Towns for Better Living: Exhibition by SPUR at RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1. Till 6 June. Mon.-Fri. 10-7; Sat. 10-5. Adm. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday. 10-5. Adm. free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Tirr & Schettini. 25 May-6 June. Daily 10 a.m.-6 p.m. except Sunday.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Franciszka Themerson New paintings.

ST George's Gallery, Anthony Harrison. The Formenterra Suite. Aquatints & Associated Gouaches, until 30 May. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Fautrier – Paintings and Gouaches. To 6 June, 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Odilon Redon – Paintings, Pastels and Drawings. Entrance 2s. 6d. in aid of Corneal Graft and Eye Bank Research. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 20 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. English & French Landscapes of the 19th & 20th Centuries. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.)

WADDINGTON Galleries, 2 Cork Street, W1, REGent 1719. Hilton, Frost, Wynter, Heron; 10-6. Sats 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jack Smith Retrospective. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

KAPLAN Gallery. 'Paintings by Barnabè'. Until 13 June. 6 Duke Street, St. James's.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Ivon Hitchens and Ray Howard-Jones. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 28 May.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. 1st London Exhib. of paintings by Forquin; Watercolours of France & Spain by Sine Mackinnon. Hours 10-6. Sats 10-1. Closes 5 June.

PICTURE Hire – As many paintings as you wish for an annual sub. of 1 gn. and 7s. 6d. per month per painting. AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. 11-30 May, Paintings – Walter Ruhman. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-5. Sundays 2-5. Open Whit-Monday 2-5.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities & Left Review Club
'THE RAPACKI PLAN': Denis Healey, MP, & GORDON SCHAFFER (BPFS), The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 25 May, 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s.

LONDON Schools Left Club, Fri. 29 May, Clive Goodwin, 'Theatre', 5.45, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Adm. 9d., members free (School students only).

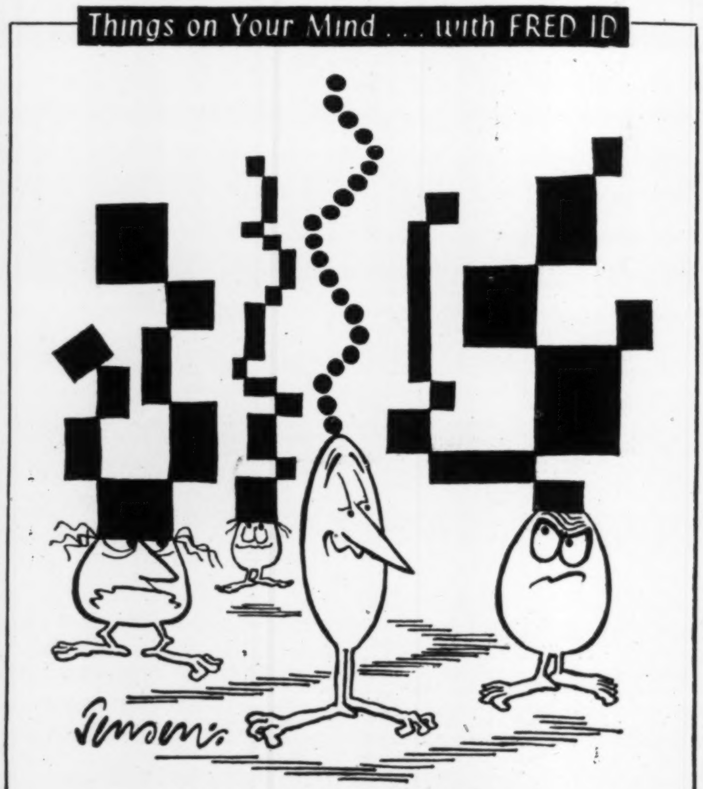
HALDANE Society – Prison Reform. Leslie Hale, MP, Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, EC4. Wed. 27 May 6.30. Non-mems welc.

SHAW Society: Anatole De Grunwald on 'The Doctor's Dilemma' – the Producer's Problems', at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 29 May, 7 sharp, Non-mems. 2s. 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 27 May: 'Buddhist Travels in Japan', Dr Carmen Blacker (Cambridge). Also Study Classes: Tues. 26 May, 6.30, Theravada (M. O'C. Walshe), Fri. 29 May, 6.30, Mahayana (Dr P. S. Jaini), and Saturday Group on 30 May, 3 p.m. (readings, discussion and tea – bring your friends!). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' and book now for Summer School, Hoddesdon, 28 Aug.-4 Sept., £9 incl. Information TAT. 1313.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 22 May, 8 p.m., Dr M. Burgess: 'Russian Painting 1700-1825' (slides), Fri. 29 May, 8 p.m., Bishop James Virvos: 'Mount Athos'. Chairman: Bishop Toumayan. Sun. 24 May, 4 p.m., at French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7, Recent Soviet Films.

'GRODDECK on The Reciprocal Attitudes of the Sexes'. Oscar Köllerström. Thursday 28 May, 8.15 p.m., Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1.


Things on Your Mind . . . with FRED ID

8. *He is suspicious of individualists.*

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Mass Communications; Minority Pop.' A dialogue by Toni del Renzio and Roger Coleman. Illustrated. Thurs. 28 May, 8.15 p.m. Adm. 3s.; Members 1s. 6d.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Wed. 27 May. 'Philosophy of Music'. Admission free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, George McRobie, 'The Coal Industry'. Wed., 27 May, 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, Vis. 2s. 6d.

BERLIN: Can we agree? Q. & A. Meeting, 7.45 p.m. 5 June, Conway Hall, WC1. V. Nekrasov, L. Teplov, Barnett Stross, MP, Gordon Schaffer, Andrew Rothstein and Pat Sloan. Res. seats 1s. 6d. from BSFS, 36 Spencer St, EC1.

ENTERTAINMENT in USSR. George Elvin (ACT) on visit of TU's. Sun. 24 May 7 p.m. 2 Soho Sq. Arr. by EASA. All welcome. Collection.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m.: Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs. 28 May, 7.30, Conway Hall, Holborn: 'The Theory & Practice of Monism I'. Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

BRAINS Trust for Parents on Children: Margaret Brady, MSc, Dr Monica Latto, N. King Harris MA, Dr C. V. Pink (Chair). Caxton Hall, Mon. 25 May 7.30. Adm. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society.

AUTHOR'S talk. J. D. Bernal, FRS, speaks on his controversial book 'World Without War' at the Caxton Hall (Kent Room), Westminster, SW1, Wednesday, 3 June 1959, 7.30 p.m. Tickets at 1s. 6d. obtainable from the sponsors: Collet's London Bookshop, 66 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

ADLERIAN Society. 'Possessiveness'. Speaker, Mrs E. Burchett, Thurs., 28 May, 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Non-mems. 2s.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 24 May. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Rev. G. P. T. Paget King, 'Empire of God'.

ALL Faiths Service, Wednesday, 27 May, at 7.30 p.m. Whitefield Memorial Church, Tottenham Court Road, W1. Representatives of world religions will participate. Preacher: Muhammad Yakub Khan, Imam of the Woking Mosque. Organised by World Congress of Faiths.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 30 May at 6 p.m. Señor P. Parrilla: Don Quijote.

IIWC London Branch. Fri. 29 May, 8.30 p.m. 'Indian Iconography' (slides), Dr Sudhin Ghose. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688. Free.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun. 24 May. 8 p.m. 'On the Sheaths of the Soul'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 (PAD. 0688).

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 24 May, 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'Democracy in East Africa'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. Eve. 7 p.m. 24 May. Jean Graham Hall. 'Public Law and Private Morals'. Write for free 'Record'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

STANISLAVSKY in Dance. Saturday Courses, Master Classes, A unique acting, dance training for the serious artist, actor, dancer, teacher. Commencing Sat. 23 May at 241 Marylebone Rd, (The Farrs School of Dancing), NW1. Enq.: Sec., British Dance Theatre, 9 Butler Ave., Harrow, Middx.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), Holiday Courses & all coaching. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322. 9-11 a.m.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc. BSc(Econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

ST JAMES' Academy, 283 Oxford Street, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive Secretarial crses – small groups – remarkable results. Also attractive language Courses & English for Continentals. Hampstead residence.

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TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 743

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